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PORT



## A MEMOIR OF EVENTS

BY

PRINTED BY GEORGE E. DUNBAR,  
1897.



SALUTING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON BOARD THE SERVIA,  
IN MID OCEAN, JULY FOURTH.



## TO THE PUBLIC.

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I have endeavored in this brief history to give the reader a condensed and, as far as I am able, an interesting account of the visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, to the Honourable Artillery Company of London, in the summer of 1896, taking the reader along with me, day by day, from the time of starting until the day of our return home, with some general remarks. If I have succeeded only in part, I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done something to commemorate an event that was timely and well conceived, and which contributed in no small degree in spreading the feelings of fellowship and good will between the people of two great nations — which I trust will continue for all time — who, although living under different forms of government, are allied by kindred and blood as one people.

W. H.

CHARLESTOWN, March 4, 1897.

## PREFACE.

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After my return from the trip with the Ancients I began to realize, more fully than while away, the significance of the cordial reception everywhere we went, and the fraternal feeling awakened on both sides of the water. Although I took some slight notes from day to day, I have found the interest in the trip so great, and the desire to learn more particulars individually from those who had the good fortune to go, so earnest that I have accepted the invitations of a number of organizations of which I am a member to appear before them and give a brief account of what I saw and heard; but a feeling of regret comes over me that I had not taken more complete notes at the time so that I might have been better prepared to entertain them. In order to make this book more interesting, I have added some of the impressions personally received to statements of fact which might otherwise be too prosy; this will account in part for some of the sentiments expressed in the succeeding pages. Had I originally thought of writing an account of the trip I should have been better prepared; but finding that others had written books concerning the great event, the spirit moved me to do the same and thus add my mite to the general contribution, leaving the reader to judge of the success of the effort.

## NOTE.

*To my relative and friend,*

SAMUEL TILDEN,

Managing Editor of the Malden Evening News,  
I am greatly indebted for aid in compiling this memoir; also to my friend and comrade on the trip, JOHN P. HAZLETT, for the "snap shots" with which this book is embellished.

To the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston; to all who accompanied me on the trip or in any way contributed to its success; to my many friends in the Boston Navy Yard, where I have spent so many years of my life, and who followed me from day to day, through the newspapers and telegraphic reports, with ever increasing interest, wishing me bon voyage and a safe return, this book is dedicated.

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## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, whose visit to the Honourable Artillery of London, in July last, of which His Royal Highness, Albert Edward Prince of Wales is Captain General, was organized on the first Monday in June, 1638, electing Captain Robert Keayne of Boston, a member of the Honourable Artillery Company of London and a deputy to the General Court, its first Commander. Many citizens prominent in military and civil life, some of whom were captains in the "train bands" in their towns, were among its charter members. After many trials and much perseverance the Company obtained a charter March 13, 1638, which was signed by Gov. Winthrop, and it was under this charter the Company was organized. The Honourable Artillery Company of London, from which it might be rightfully said this Company descended, dates its origin back to the time of Henry VIII. That Sovereign on August 25, 1537, issued a warrant granting a charter of incorporation to a Company of Archers in and



about the City of London under the title of the Fraternity or Guild of St. George, which seems to be the Company which with various changes has merged into the present Honourable Artillery Company of London. Its career from the beginning has been checkered and varied, but always on the side of law and order.

The company of Boston for some reason seems to have added to its title the word "Ancient," calling itself the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, in contra-distinction to the Honourable Artillery Company of London, although being one hundred years the junior of the London organization.

For some years in the past a man was not eligible to membership in the Ancients without having held a commission under the laws of the state in the militia; but now any one is eligible who has been a soldier, provided he can pass a critical examination of a committee to examine into his character and qualifications to perform the duties. The vote is taken at a regular meeting of the company, and it takes but a few black balls to reject.

The Company since its organization has had nearly 200 Commanders, the list of which includes many names famous in American history. In its ranks have marched Governors, Senators,

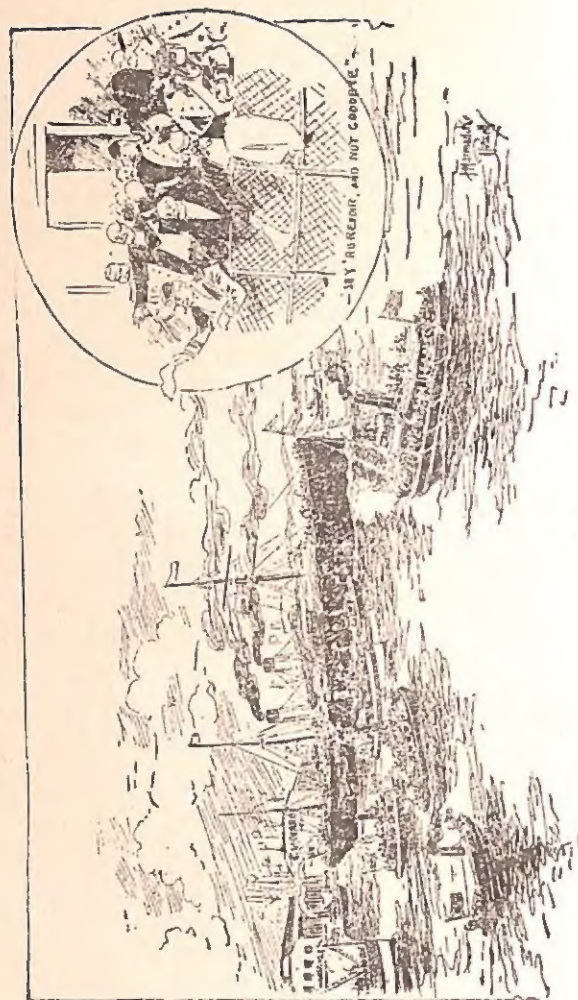
Judges, Generals. Three times its history has been written and printed.

This in brief is the history of the Company that left Boston on Monday the 29th day of June last, crossing the ocean in the English Cunard Steamer Servia.

Our going was no doubt due to the prominence and history of the Company and perhaps the novelty of the undertaking. It was the first time in history that anything like it had taken place, and the sentiment existing in the public mind between the two countries at the time gave it a national importance far beyond anything its projectors ever anticipated. No diplomat going abroad to represent his country ever received so enthusiastic a "send-off" and no diplomat was ever more cordially received.

The occasion was seized upon to spread and exhibit the feelings of peace and good will between the two great nations, and it was gloriously carried out. It was worth all it cost; it attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, and I have no doubt will result in lasting good for the future, of which I will speak more fully further on.





## Trip of the Ancients.

### FIRST DAY.

The start—Governor delivering the flags—Col. Walker's reply—Crowds on the wharves—The escort—The good feeling that prevailed—The new land to the old—The number comprising the party—The steamer "Servia"—The Weather—The Atlantic Daily.

The time of starting was Monday, the 29th day of June. My notes say the weather was pleasant; that I started from my house on foot at 7.30 in the morning, leaving the rear guard of women to be conveyed by carriage to the steamer "Servia," that lay at her dock in East Boston. The Servia was especially chartered for the occasion, and was brought from New York so that the Ancients could have the privilege and the honor of starting from Boston. We arrived at Faneuil Hall at 8 o'clock, and at 9 we were at the State House to receive the flags, state and national, from the hands of the Governor, who delivered them in patriotic and classic language, addressing Col. Walker as follows:

"The duty has been assigned to me of speaking in behalf of the commonwealth a word of farewell and Godspeed to this Ancient and Honorable company, and also of placing in your charge a sacred trust.



"Although the persons and circumstances are changed, I cannot help remembering that it was on these steps, during all the sad and ominous days of the war, that our great war governor, John A. Andrew, stood, and as regiment by regiment the loyal sons of Massachusetts went to the front he placed in their hand the emblem of the national government and the white flag of the commonwealth.

"Today you do not show your loyalty by imperiling your lives. You go on a trip to the great metropolis of the world, across the ocean, to interchange the amicable relation of mutual courtesy; but I bid you remember that, although persons and circumstances change, the flag is the same. That flag is delivered to you. Guard well its splendor. Keep pure and white the flag of the commonwealth.

"Col. Walker and members of the command, as you leave to-day, may this bright and beautiful sunshine go with you as an auspicious omen of the enjoyment and honorable credit of your trip.

"May your visit be full of enjoyment to yourselves, be an honor and credit to the commonwealth, and may it in every respect be equal to the bright hopes and expectations with which you leave. Colonel, I deliver to you this emblem of a nationality. Guard well its splendor, it is safe in your hands.

"Col. Walker, this is the flag of Massachusetts, the flag of the commonwealth; guard well its purity and its honor; I commit it to your charge.

"Col. Walker, allow me to say one word, in closing, that it gives me special gratification to see upon the breasts of these two standard-bearers, and on the breasts of many in the line, the honorable medal that bears evidence that when the country needed them they responded with the full loyalty that America and Massachusetts expects of her citizens.

"Gentlemen, farewell! Remember that the good wishes of the commonwealth go with you, that her welcome awaits you on your return, that her honor and credit are in part in your keeping."

Col. Walker in accepting the colors said:

"In the name of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company I thank your honor, and through you, the generous donors of this beautiful stand of colors.

"In the ranks of the company are many who have carried the white flag of Massachusetts and the flag of our Union amid the fire and flame of many a hard fought field, and brought them out unspotted but by their own and their comrades' blood.

"For the company I accept these colors as a sacred trust to be guarded on the fields of peace as faithfully as the sons of Massachusetts have hitherto guarded them on the fields of war.

"This is the first military organization on this continent to start on a pilgrimage across the sea to its mother land.

"Its members know that with those colors come to them the warmest wishes of all their fellow-citizens, and that with them your honor tenders the heartiest Godspeed of the whole commonwealth.

"This knowledge awakens in all the members a deep sense of their responsibility so to bear themselves as to worthily uphold the good name of the company and of American citizenship, so that on their return they may be entitled to receive from the entire community the highest of all commendations for public duty performed, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

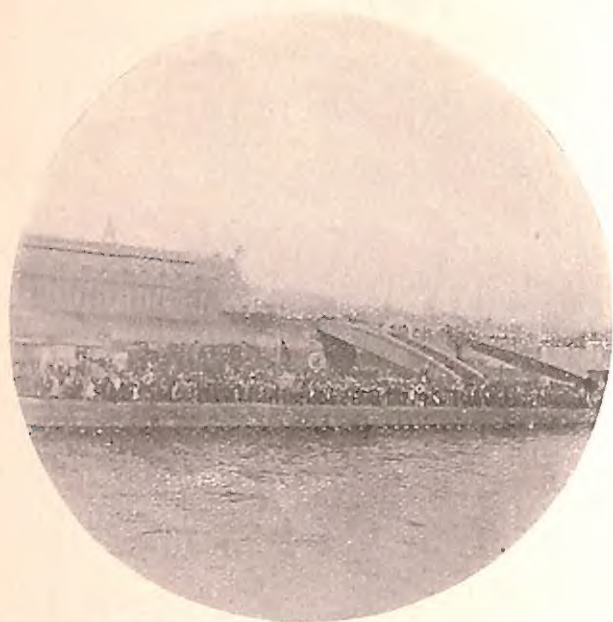
We were escorted by a large company of the Ancients who did not go, and a number of other military organizations. The enthusiasm along the route to the boat was the greatest that I ever saw.

Great crowds lined the wharves to see us off. Many personal and dear friends were there, all of whom I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. At just 20 minutes past 12 the steamer began to back out of her dock, and with the cheers and adieus of thousands of well-wishers, the booming



of cannon, the bands of music playing, and shrieking of steam whistles, we departed.

The escort that left us at the ferry went on board of the steamer Mayflower, chartered for the occasion, and in company with eight or ten tug-boats, followed us for some five or six miles be-



low Boston Light. The Mayflower at this point with the escort on board made a complete circuit around us. When the Servia got into deep water it became evident that the unequal contest could not be kept up much longer, and falling gradually

astern, the Mayflower soon turned her bows for Boston, our friends bidding us Godspeed and a safe return.

To show the good feeling that prevailed at the time of starting I print herewith the poem written by Henry O'Meara for the occasion and printed for the first time on that day. It conveys the sentiment that then prevailed better than anything I could possibly write, and I reproduce it here.

#### THE NEW LAND TO THE OLD.

(AIR "COLUMBIA"—"RED, WHITE AND BLUE.")

We bear our New England's true greeting,  
With themes that kin genius may hold,  
To the land whose memories meeting  
We join through proud ages of old.

For that soil of ripe thought's inspiration—  
Of great Alfred and Shakespeare—in view,  
With the brain and the heart acclamation,  
Let our voices ring out from the new.

Not the themes of fierce rivalry finding,  
As when we were in chivalry foes,  
But with notes of a new friendship binding  
Our song on a peace current flows.

With the honors of ancient days blending  
In each tone of one long-gloried tongue,  
O'er the ocean twined melodies sending,  
Let our peans for twin nations be sung.

BOSTON, June 27, 1896.

HENRY O'MEARA.

The party numbered 272, viz: 171 soldiers (members of the Company,) some half dozen aged members—who were not, however, in uniform—and eight invited guests. Among the in-

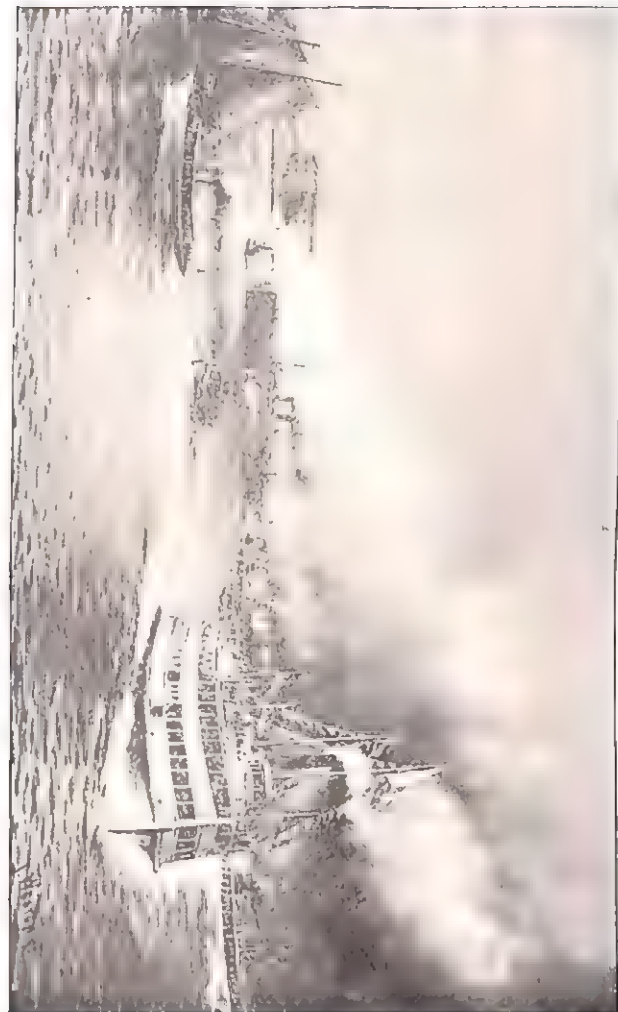


vited guests were the Rev. Edward A. Horton and the Hon. John C. Wiman. The Rev. A. A. Berle, being a member of the company, went as such, and the presence and eloquence of these gentlemen added much to the enjoyment and eclat of the occasion. The Salem Cadet Band, numbering 30 pieces, helped to swell the number, and last but not least were the women—the wives and daughters of members, and a few lady friends with them, to the number of 63—making as said before, all told 272. There were many friends and acquaintances of the Ancients, men and women, who went over in the steamer with us, they being of Gaze & Sons party, (the agent who conducted the Ancients,) and while they were more or less in company with us, they were not of us, and so were not included, or invited, to the dinners, receptions, and invitations in London that were extended only to the Ancients.

The officers, crew, and help of various kinds on the *Servia* numbered about 300, who with the passengers made 988 all told. According to the last census 90 towns in Massachusetts have less than one thousand inhabitants, and 25 towns have less than 500.

I will take this opportunity to speak of the weather while we were gone. As the question of the weather follows through all of my notes, it may be as well to speak of it in general terms by

SERVIA PASSING FORT WARREN



saying it was all one could have wished during the entire trip, including the days of starting and returning, which were particularly fine; had it not been so it would have detracted greatly from the enjoyment, especially in the grand send-off we received, and the splendid and cordial reception we had on our return. During the four or five days we spent in London, bad weather would have been especially disastrous in making the visits we did, of which I shall speak hereafter.

To enliven the proceedings and make things interesting, and show their enterprise, the Boston Globe Company sent an organized force of printers, with type and press, to print a paper of the happenings every day in going and returning that occurred in the colony on board of the *Servia* of nearly a thousand souls. This little paper was called the "Atlantic Daily," J. Harry Hartley, publisher, Edwin G. Heath, editor, Boston Office, Globe Building. The office on board the *Servia* was down in what was called the Subway, right off where my room was located. This name was given to that part of the vessel perhaps in part because the paper was printed there, and part because the head men and chief wire pullers assembled there to discuss current events and learn the news. Not all of the Ancients knew of this place, and I have heard it talked over by some of them as a mystery since



my return. Mr. Hartley was a particular friend of mine and comrade in the same company, which accounts for the many flattering notices I received in the paper, which those who read the paper probably noticed. In other words we fellows in the Subway were "in it."

When about 50 miles from land, Mrs. Croshy, one of the passengers, released several carrier pigeons bearing messages to friends left behind.



A SEA SICK ANCIENT.  
SEE PAGE 22.

## SECOND DAY.

The stowaways on board — Steamer on port bow.

Not to have anything out of the order of regular proceedings, two boys were found on board this morning (stowaways). They certainly were not members of the Ancients, and their names did not appear on the other passenger list, nor were they employed in any capacity about the ship. Captain Watt said, "Now what is to be done with them." They offered to work out their passage but the Captain said he was not taking on any help just at that time, and an English jail seemed to be awaiting them; but a few sympathetic passengers raised the amount necessary to pay their passage to Liverpool. What became of them afterwards I never heard.

At 7 o'clock this morning sighted a steamer on port bow, probably a tramp, with one smoke stack. The morning was beautiful, the sea was smoother than the first day, with less wind, but the swell made the vessel roll a good deal. About 2 o'clock saw a whale in the distance.

### THIRD DAY.

Sea calm — Sea sickness — Patent medicines.

Wednesday, July 1st, the sea was as calm as a mill pond with this exception, that there was a long, heavy swell which gave the vessel a rolling motion, more conducive to sea-sickness than though it pitched up and down the other way. Not many were sea-sick, but I was among the few who were. I had a good deal of sympathy and many friends, and it seemed to me that there were as many kinds of patent medicines — sure cures (?) — as there were people on board, and that all, myself excepted, had provided themselves with pills, powders, and liquids of every description and name, with tons of advice of what to do.

After taking a different kind of medicine about every five minutes through the day I seemed to entirely recover by night, and ate a good supper. Unfortunately, I don't know which remedy cured me, so as to be able to recommend it to any one in the future. I mentioned it to Dr. Graves, but he didn't take any stock in it.

### FOURTH DAY.

Weather pleasant — Sun at night.

The next day at noon rumors were rife of a long passage, from bad coal and other causes; but no one seemed to know anything positively about it. The weather was beautiful, a good cool breeze giving the water a slight ripple. Everybody was on deck, lolling around, all enjoying themselves in various ways. Many were reading and the younger ones were playing games. The ocean seemed like a great mill pond. In the afternoon we had singing and banjo playing; the weather continued pleasant and the sea calm, not an object crossing our vision on the vast expanse. The sun sank like a huge ball of fire in the sea. Soon nothing was seen but the wide waste of water, and the steamer seemed to be a little world in itself, sailing on in infinite space.



## FIFTH DAY.

Getting acquainted — Passed a large steamer — Bulletin board in stairway — Charges preferred — Court marshal held — Jokes — Bottles thrown overboard — The Atlantic Daily's account.

Friday, July 3d, was the fifth day since we started, and nothing of special interest had taken place up to this time; all had put their things to rights, got their sea-legs on, and were going around visiting and getting acquainted.

The passing of a steamer or a sailing vessel, now and then broke the monotony of the scene, but none of them came near enough for us to see any one on board. We passed a large steamer some three or four miles off, that displayed signals and was signaled in return.

In the stairway leading to the dining room was a bulletin board on which our Commander, Col. Walker, posted the orders of the day, and other information particularly for the Ancients to know. On this day there appeared a notice on this board saying that charges had been preferred against Lieut. J. Payson Bradley for being found intoxicated on apollinaris water, and also that a colored boy by the name of "Bob Hyde" had broken into the quartermaster's stores, stolen liquor, and got intoxicated, and that there would

be a court marshal held in the dining room at 7 o'clock in the evening to try the cases. There was no objection to the women being present, as in fact all the half dozen witnesses were women. The court met and organized in the usual form, with Major Duchesney as president and Lieut. Thomas Savage as judge advocate. The defendants both appeared with counsel.

The case of Lieut. Bradley was quickly disposed of, it being proved to the satisfaction of the court that he never drank anything, and therefore could not have been intoxicated, and the women who were called upon to testify were very hesitating and uncertain. In the case of the poor colored boy, however, things looked "black," for the women were positive in their statements concerning him; but he had the shrewdness to select for his counsel, Rev. A. A. Berle, chaplain of the company, than whom none better could have been selected. Counsel cross-questioned every witness, and raised the point that there was no proof there was any liquor on board for him to steal.

The court explained that it was in the medical stores. Each witness said she did not see him steal it, but knew it was he by his voice. The court ordered his voice tried so the witnesses could hear it and see if they could recognize it. Bob was ordered to sing a song, and as if expect-

ing such an emergency, he had brought his banjo along with him for an accompaniment which made it sound natural. The court ordered him to repeat it for every witness.

When the testimony was all in, Rev. Mr. Berle summed up the case, quoting from the Constitution of the United States, the 14th and 15th amendments, and made out his client to be a most honest, truthful, and conscientious citizen, who would not steal even a chicken, much less liquor and get drunk; that while the witnesses were apparently honest, they were entirely mistaken; that he would be sailing in regions of eternal bliss when some of his accusers were forgotten. "Bob" seemed surprised to learn what a big man he was.

The Judge Advocate did not take such a rose-colored view of "Bob's" honesty, and could not see what the 14th and 15th amendments had to do with the case any way. He said the witnesses were truthful and knew what they were talking about. It was of no avail; the court was not long in deciding that "Bob" was innocent, but recommended that he should not do it again. This was one of the things to while away the time and break the monotony of the voyage.

There were many jokes in the papers before and after the Ancients started to the effect that the bottles thrown overboard would seriously

retard navigation. Some people seemed to be mystified by such reports and took them seriously. Following are a few specimens:

#### SAILING OF THE ANCIENTS.

THEY OFFER A GRAVE DANGER TO SAFETY OF NAVIGATORS.

(From the New York Sun.)

"In the matter of improving upon important sentiments, the Ancients will compare favorably with any other ornamenters of autograph albums, and they will be particularly sympathetic and impressive when they freight the bosom of the deep with their contributions. Yet the thing should not be done. If necessary, international proceedings to prevent it should be instituted. To block up the whole Atlantic with bottles would be a grave danger to the safety of other navigators and travellers for pleasure. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company should not be allowed to throw its relics into the brine. The Atlantic must be kept open. A fleet of transport steamers should be employed to carry the glass and fine sentiments of Boston, while it is enjoying itself on the high seas."

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"Can it be that the Servia is provisioned with only 2740 bottles of wine, 930 bottles of spirits and 19,500 bottles of ale, porter and beer for a whole week's voyage? How dry the Ancients will be when they get ashore!"

"Somebody has started the absurd rumor that the friends of the Ancients are worried about them because the steamer had on board 23,170 bottles of 'wet goods' when she sailed. What the steamer may take on board has no necessary relation to what her gallant warriors may have on board."

"There's nothing fishy about the dinner given the Ancients by the fishmonger's company in London except the salmon, maybe."

"No racing, Servia; remember what a precious freight is on board, and do be careful!"

"Give our love to Wales, and tell him Boston is 'looking toward him.'"



"The parade was up to the mark, and every Ancient looked lovely."

"They are now all 'Ancient' mariners."

"Heaven grant that no foreign power shall attack Boston while the Ancients are away."

"When the Ancients get home again, perhaps they will be able to tell us which kind of fluid is most efficacious as a preventive of sea-sickness."

"Of course the brethren of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery who are looking over the Servia's rail this morning are merely studying ocean's depths. 'So deeply, darkly, beautifully blue!'"

"Old England is preparing a reception for the armed Ancients that will be warm indeed."

"Boston is flattered that the whole country should be on tip-toe for the meeting of Wales and Commander Walker. Of course, the gallant leader of the Ancients is up in his etiquette, and will not, after shaking hands with the future King of England, ask what he'll take."

"Punch of London ought to give the Boston visitors an especially hearty welcome. All its jokes are 'ancient,' and besides the Ancients have never been hostile in any way to Punch."

"Our Ancients must march steadily at Aldershot as they ever did on returning from banquet in Faneuil Hall, even if the eyes of Queen Victoria and Albert Edward are looking on."

"The burning question of the moment: Will Wales send his daughter's wedding cards to the Ancients?"

Now I think I saw and heard about all that was going on on board the Servia in going and returning, and I did not see but one bottle thrown overboard, and that was one I threw over myself, moved to do so perhaps by reading the papers before starting. The Atlantic Daily gives a

correct account of it, which I print herewith as follows:

"William Hichborn put a card in a bottle yesterday and dropped it overboard. On the card was written his name and title, General Foreman of the Navy Yard, Charlestown, Mass. It also bore the date, July 3d, in mid-ocean, on board the steamship Servia. Another thing put in the bottle was F. F. Hassam's account of the battle of Bunker Hill.



A GROUP OF EMIGRANTS.  
SEE PAGE 30.

## SIXTH DAY.

July 4th.—*Servia* in the center of the ocean—Carnival parade—Stars and stripes at main mast—Sack and potato races—*Atlantic Daily's* account—Dinner and banquet in dining room—Post Prandial exercises—Reading of Declaration of Independence—Fourth of July oration—"God Save the Queen."

Saturday, July 4th, the sun rose bright, and the sky was clear. A good stiff breeze was blowing, and the steamer sped on its way more like a thing of life than it had seemed to do before. Everybody was up early and feeling well, and amidst the booming of cannon, and rockets piercing the air, the day of our National Independence was ushered in on the English steamer *Servia* in the center of the Atlantic ocean, with the *Ancients* on board.

First in order came the carnival parade, commanded by Captain Thomas J. Olys. About 60 *Ancients* who participated in it had prepared for it in Boston before starting. There were in all 28 features and several floats, and the music (the Kazoo band) would have done honor to any "calithumpian band" you ever heard. Bunker Hill Day at home wasn't "in it." The steerage passengers (emigrants,) about 100, who had

probably never seen such a thing before, looked on in mute astonishment as the paraders passed around the bows. At the stern they were met by the cabin passengers with ringing cheers as they marched back and forth on deck, up one side and down the other.

At 8 o'clock the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to the top of the main mast and saluted by the cheers of those on board, the band playing the "Star Spangled Banner." In these proceedings it is unnecessary for me to say that the *Ancients* took a conspicuous part.

The steamer was trimmed with flags and bunting from stem to stern, and must have made a beautiful picture, as we glided along, to any who in the distance could discern us. Sack and potato races were the order of the day, the latter being very amusing. A large milk can was placed at a certain place on the deck with potatoes one yard apart in a straight line from it. The potato nearest the can was picked up and put into the can, then the next, and so on, going farther every time. He who accomplished it in the quickest time was the winner. The writer of this book, who had been looking on, stepped into the arena and challenged the winner, or any other man on board the ship who was sixty years of age, to contest a race with him. Every one was drummed up that could be found, and the Rev.



Mr. Horton, who had been badly beaten, was particularly urgent to have some one try, but after taking a look at me they all declined.

#### CHALLENGE NOT ACCEPTED.

(From the Atlantic Daily, Monday, July 6th, 1896.)

Mr. William Hichborn, general foreman of the navy yard at Charlestown, must be considered as the champion potato racer of his age on the boat. He hasn't done any racing, but immediately after the race yesterday, (meaning Saturday), he threw down the gauntlet by offering to race any man on the boat over 60 years of age. Mr. Hichborn is himself 66; but he is so spry that no one of the veterans dared to take him up, though Rev. Mr. Horton did his best to find some one brave enough.

One of the social features of the day was the celebration of the birthday of Mrs. A. Shuman. She held an informal reception in the captain's state room and distributed a silk American flag to all the ladies, the men receiving button-hole badges bearing the coat of arms of the Ancients. She was the recipient of many valuable gifts herself, brought on board by her friends in anticipation of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Shuman did their full share to make the trip a pleasant and memorable one.

We were photographed a number of times during the day, singly and in groups. In the evening a banquet was held in the large dining room, commencing at 7 o'clock and lasting till 10. First came a grand dinner, consisting of everything that was good to tempt the palate, washed down by a bottle of Champagne wine, that the Commander announced had been presented by one of the Ancients to each one of the ladies, although I think the men drank most of it. Prob-

ably the member who presented it expected such would be the case.

After enjoying the dinner for an hour, Commander Walker called upon the Rev. Charles F. Dole to offer prayer, then with some well chosen remarks opened the post prandial exercises, and for two hours the flow of soul rolled on, gathering volume as it went. The Salem Cadet Band furnished music. The captain of the ship, the surgeon, and other English officers who were present, spoke in glowing terms of the history of the two countries, and the bonds of sympathy between them, alluding to them as the mother and daughter; then Col. Walker called on his brother, Freeman A. Walker, to read the Declaration of Independence, which he did in slow, measured, and distinct terms, speaking of the oppression of Great Britain, the tyranny of King George III. to the colonies, of taxation without representation, and all that great document contains or implies. All he said was true, but I thought it pretty severe on those English officers sitting there to hear it, and I watched them with a good deal of interest. Whatever they felt, they manifested nothing, not even a change of countenance.

The Hon. Harrison Hume of Maine delivered the Fourth of July oration, written for the occasion. He went back in history to the time when Columbus was crossing the same ocean in search

of a New World; he spoke of the Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock; of the establishment of slavery, of the war of the Revolution by the Colonies of Great Britain, leading up to Independence, and by which England lost the brightest jewel in her diadem; of the flag that then contained 13 stars, representing 13 colonies, containing 3,000,000 inhabitants; of the rebellion that ended with the extinction of slavery. He spoke of the wonderful increase in the country's population, from 3,000,000 to 60,000,000; of the flag that has now glittering in its galaxy 45 stars, representing 45 free and independent states, distinct as the billows, but one as the sea. [One star added this day.]

Then came the toast, "God Save the Queen," and if those English officers who sat there had before looked glum, they looked so no longer: for the minute that toast was read they sprang to their feet as if at a preconcerted signal, (but if it was I did not know it, for I believed it to be spontaneous,) as did every person in that assemblage, and each woman waved a little silk American flag frantically in the air.

In the midst of the excitement the Salem Cadet Band tuned in with "God Save the Queen," and for fifteen minutes there was the wildest excitement, the band playing, men and women cheering, flags waving. The very air seemed charged with in-

spiration at the mention of the widowed Queen of Great Britain. The English steamer we were in, as if moved by the same spirit, seemed to leap forward with a single bound and to shake the water from its sides as if it were a thing of life.

Imagine yourself in the center of the Atlantic ocean on board this splendid steamship, plowing through the water from 18 to 20 miles an hour, in that elegant dining-room built of choice inlaid woods highly polished, with five tables stretched the length of it, some 100 feet long, each covered with the choicest viands earth can produce, crowded with fair women and brave men in the gayest attire—the uniforms of the officers and soldiers mixing with the splendid and costly toilets of the ladies glittering with diamonds on every hand.

The American and English flags were entwined around the room, with the British lion and American eagle in loving embrace. Fifty electric lights in five rows over the center of the tables cast a mellow radiance of light over a scene long to be remembered. Speeches were made by the Rev. Edward A. Horton, Alderman Boardman Hall, Hon. John C. Wyman, and others. The band played and all joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and at 11 o'clock the grand event had passed into history.



## SEVENTH DAY.

Religious services in the dining room — History of the Seamen's Orphan Institute at Liverpool — Poem entitled "The Sailor."

Sunday, July 5th, the weather was fine as usual. In the forenoon religious services were held in the dining room, conducted by the captain of the ship, J. B. Watts, assisted by Mr. Horton and Mr. Berle; music by the cornetist of the Salem Cadet Band. The services were attended by the officers and sailors of the ship who could be spared from duty, by many of the Ancients and their ladies, and others. The singing was by the congregation, and the services were conducted in the English or Episcopal form, and was very impressive.

In the evening a concert was held for the benefit and in aid of the Seaman's Orphanage of Liverpool and East Boston Mission for Seamen, it being understood that the amount collected (which proved to be \$150) should be divided equally between the two institutions. The concert was mostly singing and music; remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Berle, and an urgent appeal for aid, setting forth the merits of the institutions was made by Rev. Mr. Horton, once a seaman himself.

COMPANY C, TAKEN ON BOARD THE SERVIA.



We had now been a week on the ocean. The following poem by an anonymous author, that was in my school book when I went to school, entitled "The Sailor," would seem appropriate here.

THE SAILOR.

Upon the ocean's swelling tide,  
Where mountain billows rave,  
Behold the sailor's eye of pride  
Glance o'er the angry wave,  
High on the slippery, bending mast  
He reefs the snow white sail,  
And fears no angry threatening blast,  
The lightning or the gale.

The sailor is a wanderer free,  
And like the breeze will fly  
Far o'er the wide and trackless sea  
With billows mounting high,  
A lion-heart that feels no pain,  
A soul that knows no care;  
He gaily sings and toils for gain,  
That others too may share.

He firmly braves the swelling sea,  
To earn a scanty sum;  
His soul is friendly, just and free,  
As generous as the sun:—  
Diffusing warmth to those in need,  
From out his hard-earned store;  
And when his purse is low indeed,  
He gladly toils for more.

His hand is hard, his heart is soft,  
And freely he bestows  
The mite received from above,  
To cheer both friends and foes.  
His life is toil, his morsels tough,  
His hopes are dull and dim;  
But though to us the outside's rough,  
A diamond dwells within.



## EIGHTH DAY.

Sighted coast of Ireland — Arrival at Queenstown.

The next morning, Monday, July 6th, nothing occurred out of the regular course of events, except that vessels, birds, etc., were more numerous. In the afternoon, sighted the coast of Ireland, at 5 o'clock passed Fastnet light house: saw the great rocks called the Bull, Cow and Calf, and arrived at Queenstown at 11 in the evening. The steamer laid some miles off the town and delivered and took on passengers and freight.



## NINTH DAY.

Arrival at Liverpool — Reasons given for being late — Going ashore — Thunder storm en route — Arrival at London — Banquet at Honourable Artillery Company's Armory.

Tuesday, July 7th, arrived at Liverpool. All were up early and had their trunks packed and their uniforms on for the arrival and reception at Liverpool. It soon became apparent to everybody, what had been felt by many of us for some days, who had watched the log, noted the distance travelled, and the speed, that we were going to be late almost a day.

We should have arrived at Liverpool the night before, (Monday night,) as our printed itinerary stated. The reasons given were that the vessel had been laid up some time before going on this voyage; that her machinery was not all in good working order; that her boiler needed repairs, and that they could not carry any more steam with safety; that the weather was so pleasant the draught was not sufficient to keep up steam. Had it blown hard there would have been greater draught. She carried no blowers or appliances, like some of our American vessels, to create a draught. They said the coal was poor that they bought of the Yankees in East Boston; that just

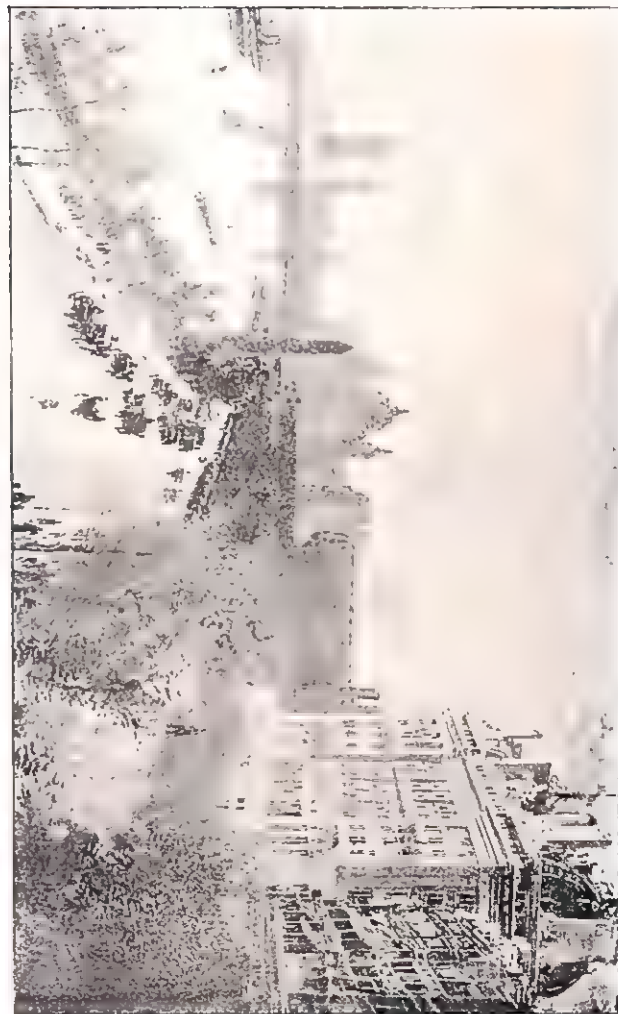
before starting there had been a sudden rise of wheat in Europe, and that her hold was full and she was drawing more water than usual. Whether any of these reasons were true I know not, but for some reason we were late. It was a great disappointment to those who were waiting to receive us, as well as to ourselves.

We were told on arriving that the greatest military parade that Liverpool had ever seen had been waiting all day for us; that the houses were trimmed and seats and stages erected on the streets through which we were to be escorted, but it all had to be given up. It was 4 o'clock before the steamer reached the landing and we began to go ashore.

We soon formed and were received by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and other high dignitaries drawn-up in line. The proceedings were short and formal; we did not break ranks. The line of military reached as far as the eye could see, and thousands of people crowded the wharves and boulevards to greet us; but our day was gone in Liverpool, and London was waiting for us.

We were hurried into cars waiting for us on the track near the landing. A committee from the Honourable Artillery Company of London took charge of our party, and we were hurried on to London, a little over 200 miles distant, at the rate of a mile a minute, stopping only

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON





twice. Over one part of the road we made 75 miles in 60 minutes. Two engines trimmed with American flags drew the train.

While en route, a violent thunder storm took place, the reverberations sounding like salvos of artillery. Inside the cars we were well entertained by members of the London Company who had provided a very tempting lunch. No one seemed to mind the storm without, and as it cleared up on our arrival in London we suffered no inconvenience. At the station in London great crowds were anxiously waiting.

Here was another disappointment. On account of the late arrival of the steamer at Liverpool, we were necessarily late in reaching London. We should have been there at 3 o'clock in the afternoon; as it was, it was 9 o'clock in the evening when we arrived. It had been arranged to have us march to the armory of the London Company, and great crowds had waited all the afternoon along the route to see us. We were hurried into coaches and carried across the city to the armory of the Honourable Artillery Company, about three miles distant, where a banquet awaited us.

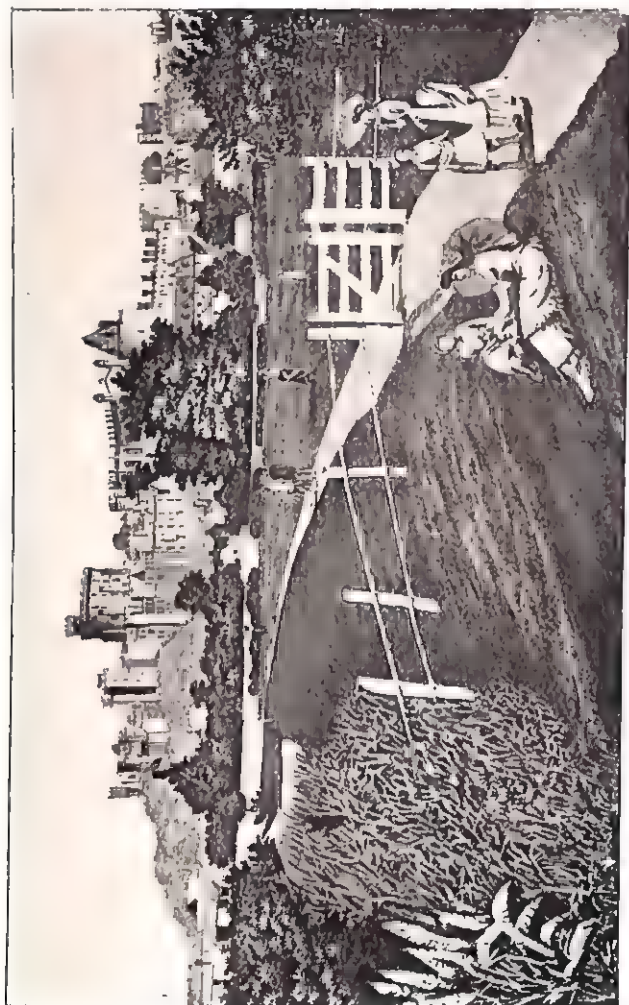
We were welcomed by Lord Colville of Culross, the Earl of Denbigh, Lieutenant Colonel and Captain of the Ancients, the Prince of Wales ranking by his title as Captain General and Colonel. Many officials in the military and civil

service of England and all the London Company were there. The Earl of Denbigh presided, and made a brilliant speech welcoming the visitors, to which Col. Walker responded in eloquent and fitting terms. The hall was a large one, and every man was handed a plan of the hall with his name and number of the seat he was to occupy upon it.

After the banquet was over, toasts and speeches followed, and a flash-light photographic apparatus was sprung upon us. At about 2 o'clock in the morning we were taken in hansom and carriages to our hotel, (the Cecil) the handsomest in London, overlooking the river Thames, and costing a million dollars.

On arriving at the hotel we found several women of our party had retired and were presumably dreaming of the hardships of a soldier's life, and the conflicts of the morrow. On arriving at London the train they were in was a half hour behind us, and a committee of the London Company took them in coaches direct to the hotel.





WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE NORTH WEST.

## TENTH DAY.

Visit to Windsor Castle — Paintings — Library — Statue of the Queen — Queen riding in the Park — Queen's arrival in front of the company — Presentation of Arms and march in review — The Queen's welcome — The lunch — The return to the hotel — History will live — Dinner at the Criterion — Visit to the Earl's Exhibition — Return to our hotel.

Wednesday, July 8th, by special invitation of the Queen, we visited Windsor Castle, and the grounds connected with it. The outside of the castle, with its turrets and towers, is built of stone, not unlike the paving stone in the streets of Boston, but inside everything is on a magnificent scale. Servants were stationed in the different rooms to show us around and explain things to us as we passed through. We saw paintings of scholars, warriors and statesmen, and battle fields. A painting of the Duke of Wellington in all the panoply of war was prominent. Relics were there from that famous battle field where the British arms were successful and Napoleon was defeated by the allied powers under Wellington, called in history the "Iron Duke." The Rubens room, so called, contained many fine pictures by that celebrated painter; among the number being one of "Mary Queen of Scots."

We saw the statue of the Queen in one of the

rooms, cut from a block of white marble said to have weighed thirty tons before it was chiseled. It was of heroic size, and represented the Queen with the crown upon her head, clad in her robes of office, her hand resting on the head of her favorite dog, Sport, who was looking up into her face. It was the finest work of art that I ever saw in my life. The folds in her dress and its lace trimmings reflected the lights and shadows. It was not like one of those landscape paintings where distance lends enchantment to the view, but you had actually to touch it to realize that it was cold marble, so lifelike was the sculptor's work.

It was announced that the Queen, who was out riding in the park, would soon come up the road, where we stood in front of the castle, and would be glad to receive and welcome us there. All was hurry and bustle; the military orders to form, get into line, right dress and front face, with heads square to the front, officers to their posts, were given in quick succession; the women gathered on the flanks of the company, straightened up and looked as smiling as a primrose garden. This I imagined, because, as a well drilled soldier, especially on such an important occasion, I had to keep my head and eyes squarely to the front. Soon in a turn of the road an outrider was seen coming, who rode about 100

THE QUEEN PASSING IN CARRIAGE AT WINDSOR.





feet in advance of the Queen's carriage. Then Her Majesty appeared and stopped exactly opposite where I stood in the company, opposite our national banner and the white flag of Massachusetts that were held aloft, fluttering in the breeze, by the hands of Lieut. J. Payson Bradley and Capt. Walter S. Sampson, two sturdy veterans of the late war—the national flag with its 13 stripes and 45 stars beside the flag of Massachusetts bearing the state seal and motto, “*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*,”—with the sword she seeks calm peace under liberty.

Soldiers, lords and dukes were in attendance everywhere, but they did not come between us and Her Majesty's carriage till invited by the Queen to do so.

We presented arms, then marched by the Queen, breaking ranks from the right and marching to the left, carrying us entirely around her carriage. We halted in the same place we started from, left-faced and ordered arms. The Queen made a motion to some of her attendants who were immediately at her side. The carriage she was in was on open barouche. Our officers were invited to come forward, and a short chat was held, the Queen saying to Col. Walker: “I hope you and your lady relatives had a pleasant voyage, and I am glad to see you here.” The officers then resumed their places.

The Earl of Denbigh then stepped forward and said that the Queen had instructed him to say that she was glad to see us at Windsor and would be pleased to have us all remain and take a lunch with her. The lunch was spread in the Orange House of the Conservatory, and was most delectable.

After lunch we strolled around the grounds and were photographed dozens of times in different groups and places. We saw the Queen's pack of hounds, some 30 to 40 in number, with a keeper in charge of them; we saw the horses in the stables and many things of interest.

The day being far spent, we then took the steam cars to return to Waterloo station, about 26 miles from Windsor, our hotel being about three miles farther. At the station, the Salem Cadet Band that had escorted us to the cars in the early part of the day, had returned to meet us. So strict were the arrangements about the castle and grounds that no one could enter except they were members of the Ancients and their names were on the list; not even the band was included in the invitation. Special invitations to lords, dukes and generals were numerous.

As we marched back to our hotel the streets were crowded with people looking on in reverence and awe at those Yankees that had invaded England with arms in their hands, and had lunched

with their Queen, bringing their women with them as though they feared no danger; bearing aloft that banner of many stars and Massachusetts' white flag, their band playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and "God Save the Queen."

In due time we arrived at our hotel, and when the sun went down that night its last declining rays shone alike upon the just and the unjust, the rich and the poor, on Queen and Princess, on prince and lord and duke, and on the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. History will cause the visit of the Ancients to London to live forever, and it will be sung in song, and told in story, long after every one who participated therein shall have become dust and been forgotten. In the evening, by invitation, we went to the "Criterion." This is one of the most popular restaurants in London. Everyone's name was at his or her plate. Splendid hall; menu and music unsurpassed.

After enjoying this entertainment some three hours, we were taken in hansoms across the city, and by invitation of Mr. Imre Kiralfy visited the Earl's Court exhibition to see the India exhibition and Imre Kiralfy's grand historical spectacle of India. Mr. Kiralfy received us at the entrance and escorted us around the grounds. In the Empress Theater 250 seats had been reserved for us in the center, and when we took our places, the



crowded audience rose and greeted us. After the "ship scene," the band of the Grenadier Guards, located in the upper boxes, conducted by Lieut. Daniel Godfrey, played the "The Star Spangled Banner," a signal for the entire house to rise and cheer. When the performance ended "God save the Queen" was played, the audience remaining standing until the last notes had died away.

This entertainment ended, we were conveyed back to our hotel in the same way we left it, arriving there between one and two o'clock in the morning to snatch a few hours for sleep and rest, and be ready for a visit to the great military parade at Aldershot to which the Queen had invited us.



GROUP OF ANCIENTS AND LADIES AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



## ELEVENTH DAY.

Military parade at Aldershot—The troops called out—The place selected—Reminded of the Battlefield at Gettysburg—View of the field—The sham fight and review—The final charge of the cavalry—Lunch at the officers' Club House—London Company's Committee attention to the ladies—Dinner in the evening at Holborn Restaurant—The toast to the Queen—Col. Walker's remarks—'The Prince of Wales' toast to the President of the United States—Chauncey M. Depew's remarks—Poem by William T. W. Ball—Ode by Henry D. Atwood—Enpassant—Death of Constructor Wilson.

Thursday, July 9th, military parade at Aldershot. The ground where this great military parade and sham fight took place was some 40 to 50 miles from the hotel where we stopped. We marched to the steam cars at Waterloo station and were an hour in reaching Farnborough; we there took barges to the grounds some five or six miles distant. A large cavalry company was there to meet us and escorted us to the grounds, surrounding our carriages like a guard of honor. As usual, a committee of the London Company was on hand to look after the women. This parade was called out by the Queen as an especial honor to the Ancients, and had only been called out twice before; once in honor of the Emperor of Germany, and again for the Czar of Russia, on

their visit to England. The troops called out numbered between 10,000 to 12,000, and comprised some of the most noted regiments that had seen service in all parts of the world, as follows :

Four Batteries Royal Horse Artillery, 2d Dragoon's ( Royal Scots Greys,) 3d ( King's Own ) Hussars, 9th ( Queen's Royal ) Lancers, Nine Field Batteries Royal Artillery, Three Field Companies Royal Engineers, Three Companies Mounted Infantry.

First Infantry Brigade.—2d Bedfordshire Regiment, 2d East Lancashire Regiment, 1st Manchester Regiment, 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers, 2d Rifle Brigade.

Second Infantry Brigade.—4th King's Royal Rifle Corps,\* 2d Leicestershire Regiment, 1st Argyll, and Sutherland Highlanders, 1st Border Regiment, 4th Rifle Brigade.

Third Infantry Brigade.—2d Norfolk Regiment, 2d South Wales Borderers, 1st Seaforth Highlanders.

They were commanded by Lord Wolseley, himself a hero of many battles. The place selected was very appropriate; the land in the rear was undulating, while in front lay a vast plain, called Laffan's Plain, where the review took place. In the first place we were taken to a rising ground, centrally located, so that we could see all over the battle field. The troops were divided and were called the northern and southern armies,

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\* The King's Royal Rifles were raised on the 25th December, 1755, as the "62d, or Royal American Regiment of Foot," consisting of four battalions, each one thousand strong. The recruits were drawn principally from Maryland and Pennsylvania. The following year the number of the regiment was changed to 60, which was retained until 1881. The Regiment took part in the capture of Louisbourg, Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, the Battle of Abraham's Plains, and Capture of Quebec, besides many other affairs. Thus it is that England and America have many ties of remembrance.

and of course the southerners got beaten and had to surrender.

In standing on this eminence overlooking the field of operations, I was reminded of the battle field at Gettysburg. About nine years ago I visited Gettysburg as a guest of the 90th Penn. Regiment, I being then employed at Chester, Penn., in what is now called John Roache's old ship yard. I became intimately acquainted with Lieut. Col. Davis of that regiment through my brother, and he invited me to go as a guest of the regiment.

In the distance at Aldershot we could from where we stood see the general commanding (Lord Wolseley) and his staff on a hill, and aids carrying his orders in all directions to the different troops. First we heard a firing in the distance, then puffs of smoke coming up through the trees in the woods; then the troops retreating. The pursuers and pursued, as the lines drew in, became more distinct. Then there was the crossing of a bridge not unlike that at Antietam, and re-inforcements were seen coming from a distance, pouring down the roads on the double quick. In every direction the forces were gathering, the fight was growing thicker, and centering on the vast plain.

We now shifted our position to a stand erected especially for us at the edge of this plain, the best



point of view. The battle was raging fiercely when a shout rang out, "The cavalay are coming!" and there emerged from under cover of some woods some four or five regiments of cavalry riding to the charge. It was a magnificent sight as they swept past us in all the panoply of war. The horses as well as the riders seemed eager for the fray; but meeting the infantry and the batteries, they soon had to retreat, passing by where we were, the horses wild with excitement.

After the surrender, then the marching in review took place. Now think of 10,000 troops mustered on one field; nearly twice as many as the entire militia of Massachusetts. Lord Wolseley sat on his horse surrounded by his staff, just one side in front of us, and beside him stood Col. Walker. A little in advance at his request, and in front of them, were planted the Stars and Stripes and the white flag of Massachusetts. The officers commenced to salute right in front of us: the cavalry and batteries went by us three times, once marching, then trotting, then galloping and running for all they were worth.

It was a pretty warm day, and one soldier on guard near us became insane from sunstroke and had to be taken away. One horse threw his rider, who went flying over the animal's head in full view of where we sat. The horse knowing that something was wrong, as well as the rider,

and not feeling the pressure of the rider on his back, or the guide of a human hand, hesitated a moment; but, before the rider could gather himself up and catch him, he galloped off and took his place in the ranks. When he came around again his rider was watching for him and leaped upon his back with apparent ease. When the troops marched past us, they marched in company front; not in front of four, eight, or twelve, as you see military parades or processions in our streets. The fronts contained from 50 to 100 men, cavalry and artillery the same.

The marching of Scotland's famous Greys was particularly noticeable, their swinging gate and picturesque appearance, "all plaided and plumed in their Tartan array," added much to the pleasure and inspiration of the occasion. The bands are very large in Europe, numbering from 50 to 75 musicians, handsomely uniformed. As each regiment's band came opposite the reviewing officers, they broke from the line, wheeling to the left flank, and took a position in front, playing until the next band came along, when they rejoined the column, and so on to the end of the line.

The last final act was a charge of all the cavalry, numbering 1000. They deployed and made their appearance on the outer edge of the field, I should say half a mile off. Their center was in front of us, and their lines extended as far as we

could see in either direction. Then came the order to charge, and they came thundering down towards us. It was a magnificent sight—the greatest of the kind I ever saw, or ever expect to see again. The most magnificent horsemen and horses of England were there. Some of the regiments had all black, some all bay, and some all gray—not mixed as we are used to seeing them.

As onward they came, the very earth seemed to tremble beneath their feet. Some instinctively shrank back at their near approach, but they reined their horses up within twenty feet of us. The officers with waving swords, and buglers sounding the orders “by the left flank,” they wheeled and trotted off slowly to their barracks, and the review was over. After the review, we took our coaches, and—as we supposed—started for the cars, followed in carriages, and escorted and surrounded by horsemen and officers of high rank and members of the Artillery Company of London, who halted us about three miles on the road at the officers’ club-house of the garrison, where we washed up and brushed our clothes, and a general introduction took place. Lord Wolseley, who commanded that day, was there in the full uniform of his rank, shook our hands and had a kind word to say to every one of us. The Duke of Connaught, who commanded the division, was conspicuous in his attention to the ladies.



UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES

While all were congregated on the lawn in front of the house, the Duke of Connaught expressed to Lieut. Bradley a wish to be photographed under the folds of the glorious stars and stripes. Commencing from the left of the group in the picture, the following are the names of those present: Sergt. N. B. Basch, Orderly, Earl of Denbigh, Sergt. Charles H. Porter, Col. Dell, Col. J. Payson Bradley, national color bearer; Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught; personal aid to the duke, Qm. Gen. Miles, Col. Alleyne, Gen. Swaine, Maj. Hood, Col. McNeil, Col. Brigham, Capt. Walter S. Sampson, state color bearer.

At the club-house we sat down to the delicious refreshment provided for us, and being hungry we did full justice to it. We then took our coaches for the steam cars and from the cars back to our hotel, the women riding and the soldiers marching.

I take the opportunity at this time in behalf of the "woman contingent" to thank all the members of the London company and their committee — who were especially detailed for this occasion to look after the ladies — for the interest they showed and attention paid; more particularly did I hear the name of Capt. Hayward mentioned in this connection. He seemed to be everywhere in attendance, from the time we arrived till we departed, at Aldershot. He had brought along



with him his field glass, which served a good purpose at the right time, and it was constantly employed in surveying the field. The women all speak in glowing terms of his attention and cordiality.

I hear, but know not whether it be true, that like our commander he is a bachelor; if so, and if the London Company should ever come to Boston, and he should be with them, he would not be allowed to leave Massachusetts without a wife.

A committee of seven members had been appointed from the Ancients before we left Boston, of whom Henry N. Sawyer was chairman, to look after the women and make all arrangements for their transportation, etc. Wherever we went, with this committee and the one from the London Company, I think the women were well looked after; in fact, I think they fared better than the men, for when there was any marching to be done they rode and looked on.

In the evening, we went to a dinner at New King's Hall, Holborn restaurant, given by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston to the Honourable Artillery Company of London. His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Field Marshal of England, was there; with all his other titles, he is Captain General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery

Company of London. Also the Duke of Connaught, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Bayard — our Minister to England, Lord Wolseley, the Marquis of Lorne, Field Marshal Stewart, the Earl of Denbigh — Lieutenant Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company, Lord Methuen, Consul General Collins, and many others high in military and civil life.

It was an expensive and well arranged affair, every ticket gave you a number and seat at the table, and the tickets were so arranged that the seats of the Ancients came between two of the invited guests. The hall was handsomely trimmed with flags and bunting, the English and American flags being entwined. Of course the menu was all that could be wished; about every ten feet apart on the tables were monuments of ice about four feet high.

Dinner over, Col. Walker arose and opened the proceedings by proposing the toast, "To the Queen," and bade all welcome to our festive board. The reader will understand that this was a dinner given to the Honourable Artillery Company of London by the Ancients of Boston; for once they were to be our guests, and we the hosts. Col. Walker spoke of the good feeling existing between the two nations and our respect for the Queen. The concluding portion of Col. Walker's remarks, and the toast to the Queen,

are so good that I believe they will live in history long after everything else that took place has been forgotten. The enthusiasm when Col. Walker closed was unbounded; the Englishmen present went wild with excitement at the mention of their Queen in such patriotic and classic language. The closing remarks of the toast are so excellent that I can do no less than print them here in full :

"To Her Majesty, whose womanliness as queen and queenliness as woman has for nearly three-score years clothed both throne and home with dignity, purity and honor, winning the respect and admiration of true manhood and womanhood everywhere, whose acts and words have ever been for honorable peace between our two English-speaking nations, we tender our sincerest good wishes. The gracious act of Her Majesty yesterday, in which we take great pride, will awaken a response on the other side of the Atlantic where our thanks will be renewed by a whole people. I know that you will all respond most heartily to the toast I now give you — THE QUEEN."

When the Prince of Wales arose to reply he was greeted by long and enthusiastic applause and spoke as follows :

"Col. Walker and Gentlemen :— Before proposing the next toast, I am anxious to express to Col. Walker how deeply touched I have been at the kind terms in which he has proposed the Queen. Holding the position I do as the Queen's senior subject, I feel sure that I may say with all my fellow subjects how grateful I am at the kind way in which the toast has been proposed. I know how grateful the Queen has been to see you, Col. Walker, and your distinguished corps, and that the same feelings animates her as me, in our strong liking and affection for your great country. It is a long time, I regret to say, since I was last in America, but I have not forgotten the reception I met, nor Pres-

ident Buchanan's kindly welcome to me in Washington. It is now my privilege to propose the health of his successor— YOUR PRESIDENT."

This toast like the others was received with enthusiastic applause. When it ceased Col. Walker proposed the next toast, "The Prince of Wales, Captain General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company." This toast was received with cheers, to which the Prince responded as follows :

"Colonel Walker has proposed this toast in most kind and felicitous terms. I assure you that I most deeply appreciate the way in which he has given and you have received it. I appear before you in a dual capacity. I respond to the toast in consequence of the high privilege I occupy as Captain General and Colonel of our Honourable Artillery Company. From tonight the post I occupy will be doubly dear to me, as I shall feel that I am always associated with our American brothers and shall consider that we all belong to one corps.

"It is my privilege tonight to return the compliment proposed by Colonel Walker in asking my own corps and all the distinguished visitors I see here to drink most cordially and heartily with me to the health of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. It is a toast, I think, that will be received by all of you, the toast of the 'ANCIENTS.'"

Col. Walker again responded to this toast at considerable length. I give here only the concluding portion of it.

"Peace at any price is national weakness and cowardice except when sternest necessity compels it. War for any cause but the sternest demand of national honor or safety is a crime against humanity. To the arbitration of peace, weak and strong may alike in honor bow. With no power but public opinion to enforce its decrees, arbitration cannot prevent all wars, for supreme

crises will come in every nation's life when the sword must blazon the road to self-respect, safety and liberty, but each victory of peace makes succeeding victories easier to win.

"Strange if our two strong brained, strong-armed peoples, professing the same religion of peace and good will, speaking the same tongue, bowing to the same principles of law, quickened alike by all the generous impulses of this nineteenth century, shall not find common sense enough to stand together with their mighty strength and influence in a crusade for peaceful arbitration of our national differences. The individual happiness of the people, national interests, philanthropy, humanity, religion, all demand that between us reason shall displace passion and brute force; that our gospel of peace shall be a reality, not a glittering generality, and of that gospel we shall stand exemplars to the world. Palsied be the hand that shall be raised unworthily to delay this consummation most devoutly to be wished."

The Duke of Connaught responded to the toast  
"To the united services of the mother country."

The Marquis of Lansdowne proposed a toast  
"To the health of Mr. Bayard, United States Ambassador."

Mr. Bayard in responding, spoke of the occasion as a memorable one in the history of civilization and was outspoken in favor of the most intimate ties between the two countries. His remarks were received with rapturous applause. Lord Wolseley and the Marquis of Lorne spoke in the same strain. Such a lovefeast was never witnessed between citizens of different countries on British soil. The speaking had become general, and was evidently drawing to a close when some one spied Chauncey M. Depew of New

York—who was there as an invited guest, but not sitting on the platform—and called on him. I had read of his fame as an orator and after-dinner speaker, but had never seen him before. What was my surprise when the calling became general, and our commander announced his name, to see him rise and stand on his chair a short distance from where I sat! He did not belie his fame as a speaker on this occasion, for he kept the audience in rapt attention and good feeling while he spoke in glowing terms of the good will existing between the two countries, which was the key note of all the other speakers. He made many witty remarks, one or two of which I cannot help repeating here. He said while he had great respect for everything done in England, the Yankees of Boston would always go one better. He instanced the fact that while the Honourable Artillery Company of London was chartered between 300 and 400 years ago, the Company in Boston that had descended from them, and was only about 260 years old, 100 years their junior, had added one more word to their title and called themselves the *Ancient* and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

He then referred to the fact commented on in the newspapers at different times, and at considerable length, that this was the first time an armed force, either as friend or foe, had invaded Eng-



land and marched through the streets of London with arms in their hands; but he assured them there need be no cause for alarm, for the good feeling existing between the two nations banished such thoughts. But even in the future if any differences should arise, a way out of it had been found by arbitration. That failing, and a resort to arms resulting, still there need be no fear; for if the regulars should do some fighting, as it is their business to do, and the volunteers should do a little to help out, he could assure them the Ancients would never fight under any circumstances. As a pledge of their good faith they had brought their women with them.

The proceedings closed by all crossing and clasping hands with one another, making a continuous chain all around the hall and singing "Auld Lang Syne." During the evening a poem was read by William T. W. Ball, who was with us as an invited guest. This poem, written for the occasion, was read by its author, and is so particularly good I produce it here:

The Charles sends greetings to the Thames!  
 From ev'ry fount and rill,  
 From ev'ry spire and sacred fane,  
 From ev'ry vale and hill,  
 From ev'ry inlet on her coast,  
 From ev'ry sheltered bay,  
 From ev'ry heart and ev'ry lip  
 She greets you here today.  
 The thunder from our cannon  
 Reverberates along our shore!

Do ye not hear the echoes  
 As they come stealing o'er?  
 They cleave the floating clouds on high,  
 Pierce the blue vaults above,  
 As brazen throats belch out these words:  
 Fraternal Peace and Love!

We come, as skimming sea-birds come,  
 Across the stormy foam;  
 We bring you friendship's choicest gifts  
 From our New England home;  
 And we will ne'er regret that home,  
 O'er all the sea which parts,  
 If you will only give us now  
 A home within your hearts!

All of the glories that we own  
 From you, our mother, sprung!  
 We live in Shakespeare's magic line!  
 We speak with Chatham's tongue!  
 We know no envies, have no hate;  
 We know no cause for strife.  
 Down with the recreant who would dare  
 Assail our mother's life!

We're one by blood and one by birth,  
 And shall be aye the same;  
 Even your great and glorious deeds  
 Are part, too, of our fame;  
 And o'er the world, in Freedom's cause,  
 What matters when or where,  
 As flies the Briton's "meteor flag,"  
 Our "stars" will cluster there!

Fill high your glasses to the brim!  
 Let the bright beads run o'er!  
 A mother's and her daughter's kiss  
 Now wafts from shore to shore!  
 And as we pledge true love, firm faith,  
 Upon this gracious day,  
 We twine Old England's fragrant rose  
 With our New England May.

## ODE OF GREETING.

BY HENRY D. ATWOOD.

Tune, "God, Save the Queen."

Long live this Ancient Corps;  
 And may it evermore  
   Be England's pride.  
 Long may its banner wave  
 Above the loyal brave,  
 Confronting danger grave,  
   Should it betide.

Afar beyond the sea  
 A body, sprung from thee,  
   Doth have its home;  
 Thy children greet thee here:  
 Thou art a parent dear,  
 To whom their hearts are near,  
   Too fixed to roam.

Ne'er may the fatal hour  
 Of war's opposing power  
   Peal out anew.  
 And ne'er may hatred rise,  
 To rupture friendly ties  
 That make us fond allies,  
   And comrades true.

And if, in time to come,  
 The sound of fife and drum  
   Smite either land,  
 Let not the martial tread  
 Be on our fallen dead:  
 Let not the blood be shed  
   By brothers' hand.

It was a proud day for our commander, and there was not a man in the ranks but felt that to be an American citizen was greater than to be a king. Vox populi, vox Dei—"The voice of the people is the voice of God."

En passant, I wish to say, I found that the Prince of Wales was very popular, and the feeling was universal that were England proclaimed

a republic like the United States today, he would be nominated and elected its first President by an overwhelming majority.

I well recollect seeing him at the time he alluded to when he was in Boston and visited the Navy Yard. The women especially went wild over him, and the balls and parties he had to attend, and the dancing and the waltzing, tired him out. This was in the latter half of 1860, and just when the agitation was the hottest pending the Presidential election which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln.

The secessionists around Washington formed a project to take him through the south and let him see slavery as a "paternal institution." He went to Richmond, Va. If a thing is good it is good in its essential features, if not in all its parts; the controlling influence there thought it wise to postpone a large slave sale, on his visit, that had been widely advertised before he came. The contrast between the cities of the north and the slave city of Richmond in the south did not impress him favorably. The idea of continuing his trip to Charleston, S. C., was abandoned, and the party hurried back to Washington.

It is believed he was more favorably impressed at the time by the republican leaders in the north, and the justness of their cause, and that it had a great influence on him and his mother, the

Queen, which bore fruit in the great civil war that followed. There can be no doubt that the reports that this then boy, on returning home, gave to his father and mother greatly influenced them in the stand they took for the Union, and against the Southern Confederacy.

On this day and evening, having heard nothing from my native land, beyond the great ocean, that I had left eleven days before with the well wishes and God-speed of those who had assembled to see me off, I was getting anxious to hear from home. I had looked over hundreds of letters in the hotel that had arrived directed to others with a feeling of disappointment and perhaps of envy; but this evening, about 7 o'clock, while in the court-yard of the hotel, one of the company said to me, "There is a letter from home in the hotel for you, Mr. Hieborn." Without a moment's delay I went for it and broke the seal, never thinking of bad news. The shock I received was correspondingly greater. My associate in business, Naval Constructor Theodore D. Wilson, U. S. N., whom I had left in the Boston Navy Yard, and who had shaken hands with me shortly before my starting, saying "Good-bye," was dead. This letter in a few short words conveyed to me the mournful intelligence. I was so overcome that I could hardly control myself; friends seeing my agitation gathered about me to learn what had

happened. I could only point to the letter. He had died before the *Servia* had left the harbor and passed Boston Light, and while I was looking toward the Navy Yard at the end of the dry dock, where he died very suddenly and without a moment's warning. He seemed to be forewarned, and many of his sayings are told of today in confirmation of it. There seemed to be something in the air long before I started, telling me that I ought not to go. So strongly was I impressed that I considered what measures I could make, in case I might not go, to have some one look after those I had arranged to go with me, and it was by a narrow margin that I went, as it proved.

Had Mr. Wilson's death taken place one hour before, so that the information could have reached me, I should not have gone. The construction department in the Boston Navy Yard in one short hour was left without a head, and the one who would take his place, were he there, was on board the *Servia* with the *Ancients*, just starting to cross the ocean. Consultations were held and suggestions were made to send a steam tug for me, but no steam tug could have overtaken that swift-going ocean steamer with a half hour's start and the delays that would have followed in getting under way. Another proposition was to go to Boston and telegraph to stop the steamer as it passed Highland Light; but I doubt if even this



would have succeeded. The world goes on in spite of any man in it, and God had ordained that he should die and that I should go. All are now glad that they did not stop me even if they could have done so.

I have already spoken of how Mr. Wilson seemed forewarned and to be impressed that something was going to take place, and when he shook hands with me the last time, and said good-bye, it seemed to have a peculiar solemnity in it. I thought of the prejudice or superstition that my mother's brother, who was a seaman, entertained in regard to that word "good-bye," and which was impressed upon me while a boy; but those that go down to the sea in ships, and do business on great waters, have many such superstitions that do not trouble us landmen. Still in my mind "good-bye" is always coupled with a feeling of sadness. Though of foreign origin this seems to have a more cheerful sound and meaning: "Au revoir—adieu till we meet again."

He hath fought his last fight, he hath won his last victory, the scenes of the conflict will wake him no more. A brother has fallen in the battle of life. There is nothing for us to do who remain behind but, stepping over his fallen body, press boldly on. God wills it so; so will it ever be.



TOWER OF LONDON.

## TWELFTH DAY.

Go as you please—Visit to the tower—The crown's jewels—Luncheon by Mrs. P. H. Collins—Visit to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House—Fraternal Banquet at London Company's Armory.

Friday, July 10th, in the forenoon it was go-as-you-please, and everybody went according to their tastes and inclinations. Some stayed at the hotel and got rested for the entertainment at Marlborough House. In the afternoon, among the places of interest visited was the Tower of London, so called, and known the world over on account of its famous history. It was here that Robert Devereux was executed in 1601. He began his public life by brilliant military exploits, and became a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, having the title of the Earl of Essex bestowed upon him. He afterwards fell into disfavor and did things that were considered treasonable. Tradition says that while he was a favorite of the Queen she gave him a ring, and told him if ever he was in trouble to send it to her and she would help him. His trial, sentence and execution followed without the Queen hearing anything from him, or receiving the ring she gave him although it was said the Queen looked for and expected it, but not receiving it, concluded he

did not care enough about her to ask her pardon. Some time afterwards one of the ladies of the royal household on her deathbed sent for the Queen and said she had been given the ring to give to her, but had been persuaded by others not to do so. She begged to be forgiven. It is said the Queen was so angry when she heard it that she seized the dying woman and shook her saying, "God forgive you, I never will."

We saw the spot where Lord Hastings was executed as early as 1483, and later Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII. In 1554 the execution of Lady Jane Grey, the learned and gentle girl of nineteen, the nine-days Queen, took place here, and many persons of eminence and renown. We saw the Traitor's Gate where many hopeless spirits passed to spend long, weary years in the tower, some to leave it only for the scaffold or the block. The crown jewels are kept on exhibition here. They are in a glass case, the frame of which is iron. It is surrounded by an open iron fence running from floor to ceiling, some distance off, but near enough to get a good view of them. We visited the bank of England, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, bridges, and other places that we could reach in a half a day.

At one o'clock a luncheon was given to the ladies of the Ancients at the Hotel Cecil, where we stopped, by Mrs. Patrick A. Collins, wife of

MRS. COLLINS' LUNCHEON PARTY IN FRONT OF HOTEL CECIL





the United States Consul-General to England; but the great event of the day was the visit to the Prince of Wales at his city residence, Marlborough House.

We left the Hotel Cecil at about 3 o'clock and proceeded to the Thames embankment in the rear of the hotel, where we halted and were met by a guard of honor consisting of a hundred men belonging to the infantry division of the London Company, headed by Lord Colville of Colross (president,) twenty men of the horse artillery and a like number of the field battery dismounted. Through throngs of enthusiastic people, to the sound of martial music, we proceeded to Marlborough House. The march was some three to four miles, the women riding as usual. The Prince in his scarlet uniform as Colonel and Captain General of the Honourable Artillery Company, with the Princess of Wales and other members of his household, were there to welcome us as we entered the gate.

We were drawn up in line and inspected by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and members of the staff; we then paid a marching salute, going by and close to the porch of his residence, where he and the Princess of Wales and their two daughters, the Princess Victoria and Maud, and other dignitaries, and invited guests, were assembled. The company halted,

bringing the center in the front of the porch where the Prince stood with his friends. He then stepped forward and addressing the Ancients said :

"Colonel Walker, Officers, and Men of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts :—

The Princess and I are exceedingly glad to see you here, and we hope you will carry back pleasant recollections of all you have seen during your visit. We trust you will accept the reception accorded you, not as foreigners, but as members of one great English-speaking community. I can assure you that it has given the princess and myself great pleasure."

We partook of a fine lunch that was spread under a temporary structure in the garden, all open in front. The women were seated in the garden and were waited upon by their escorts and numerous servants. We stayed there some two or three hours and then marched back to our hotel. Great crowds along the streets greeted us on our return and the enthusiasm was unbounded, the women passing us on top of tally-ho coaches, in charge as usual of a committee of the London Company, who never deserted them from their arrival in London to their departure.

In the evening a fraternal entertainment and banquet was held in the armory of the London Company and was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Some fifty of the best talent engaged in London participated in it, and it was past midnight before the last number on the programme was finished and the company adjourned.



*Admit the Princess, Marlborough House Gardens  
to witness the inspection of the Ancient and  
Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts  
by  
Field Marshal H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, KG.  
at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday 10<sup>th</sup> July, 1896.*

*Entrance to Gardens by West Gate,  
(opposite A. James Palace.)*

*Dr. Fisher, General  
Comptroller and Treasurer to  
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.*

## THIRTEENTH DAY.

Ride by invitation of B. F. Keith — Drill of the London Company at Finsbury Square — Cleanliness of streets — Fire ladders.

Saturday, July 11th, we went to ride by invitation of Mr. B. F. Keith of the Bijou Theater, Boston, whom we met in London. In seventeen tally-ho, four-in-hand coaches we rode four or five hours over the different streets of London, visiting Richmond Park, stopping about half an hour at the famous Hare and Hounds Inn, and arriving back at our hotel between one and two o'clock in the afternoon.

After lunch and a short rest we went to a drill and inspection of the London Company in Finsbury Square, where we were cordially received and entertained, a place favorable for observation being assigned us. There was a great crowd present. The artillery wing of the corps had already undergone inspection, some time previous, so that this inspection was solely for the infantry; but as a special compliment to the Americans, the artillery, both field and horse were turned out that they might be seen on parade by their friends from across the water. Earl Denbigh was in command, and Lord Methuen was inspecting offi-



cer. By the way, Lord Methuen's ancestors settled here in Massachusetts, and the town of Methuen was named for one of them. The horse artillery led the parade, followed by the field artillery and the infantry.

After the inspection had been gone through with, the marching in review took place to receive the salute. Col. Walker stood beside Lord Methuen. The presence of a lieutenant of the Twenty-second French Territorial Regiment, in full dress uniform, added to the international character of the group which stood under the folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. Some women went shopping as their only chance. The female mind seemed to be seized with a desire to buy everything abroad so long as their money held out, even if it cost a little more than they would have to pay for it in Boston, which pleased the storekeepers if it didn't their husbands.

This virtually ended our receptions and entertainments in London, and the military part of our trip. We were now under the patronage of Henry Gaze & Sons as excursionists. Before leaving Boston six different excursions were arranged for us after leaving London, termed A, B, C, D, E, and F, we having the privilege of choice; these were finally reduced to three. The one that seemed to be the most popular, and on

which a majority with myself went, was tour D, and my detailed daily account of what I saw and heard is confined to this tour. Many, who had previously travelled, preferred to stay in London, with the understanding that we should all meet at Liverpool to take the steamer on the day appointed for our return.

On the morrow, our itinerary says, we start for France. But I cannot leave London without speaking of one thing—and the same can be said of Paris and other cities that we visited—and that is, the cleanliness of the streets. The streets are most all concreted, making them easy in one sense to keep clean, but looking worse if not so kept. There was no throwing of papers around, that has become a great nuisance here, and there seemed to be no digging up. Things looked more completed than here. The method of keeping the streets clean was peculiar; boys with dust pan and brush were located about 100 feet apart through all the principal streets, and gathered up any dirt they came across. They were particularly expert in gathering up the droppings from horses. They dodged in between teams and carriages on their hands and knees and seemed to be as spry as cats. What they gathered in their pans they placed in iron tanks, not unlike our large mail boxes, at the corners of the streets, and wagons were continually going the rounds and

collecting from them. There seemed to be a perfect system about it.

There was no fire that I knew of while we were there that gave me any chance to judge of their management in comparison with our own, nor did I visit any of their engine houses; but on the corner of some of the principal streets there were stationed "telescope" fire ladders secured to a frame work on wheels, and held up at an angle of about 70 degrees so as to be all ready for an emergency. The top shifting parts ran down on the main part to make them ready to start at a moment's warning. A fireman is stationed near them all the time, having a sentry box near by to go into in case of rain, etc. I stopped to look at one of these ladders and attracted the attention of the man in charge, who probably sized me up as a stranger, and seemed very anxious to explain the whole *modus operandi*. I gathered from him that when an alarm of fire was sounded in his section he had no trouble to get all the help he wanted to man the rope and proceed under his direction, he selecting those he wanted and telling the others to keep away. When he gets through with those engaged he gives them a card, stating the amount of service rendered, which they take to the office and get their pay.

As I said, the man in charge was very anxious to show and explain to me all about it, and when

he got through I thanked him for so doing. As I turned to go he said, "My friend, you would not go without giving me the price of a drink, would you?" I replied "Oh, no; excuse me." I handed him a quarter, when he made a bee-line for the saloon on the corner and disappeared behind the door. I do not believe our Boston firemen would be allowed any such privilege; but that is the way it is in all places we visited, and I believe the same thing prevails all over Europe.



## FOURTEENTH DAY.

Started for France — Crossed the English Channel — Arrival at Paris.

Sunday, July 12th, up early and left the hotel at 9 o'clock in coaches to Depot Victoria, and took the steam cars for Newhaven; arriving at 11.30 A. M. In about fifteen minutes our baggage and ourselves were transferred on board a steamer at this point and we started across the English Channel for Dieppe. On the way, before arriving here, and as an offset to our pleasant trip across the Atlantic Ocean, we were told that when we crossed the English Channel we would get a shaking up such as we never received before. Stories were told us that old sailors who had sailed the world over and had not been seasick succumbed and "hove up Jonah," when they crossed here; but the same good luck attended us that started with us, and it continued to the end.

The day was beautiful, and the steamer glided along, pitching and rolling some of the way, but it was nothing like what we were told and expected. A passenger on board said he had crossed seven times, and this was the calmest time he had ever seen. There were about 250 passengers on board, including our party, and the dining room

would not seat more than 25 at a time. You see, to feed this number the table would have to be cleared and re-set ten times; but we got along very comfortably, as there were many who did not feel hungry, and many felt as though they would like to give up what they had.

Just after leaving Harwich, and while gathered together on the spar deck enjoying the scenery, all of a sudden we experienced a shower from a steam pipe, wetting some of the women all through. Some who had worn their best bonnets to the mimic war, were more anxious to fight now than ever before, and did not want any delay about it either.

We arrived at Dieppe at 3.44, schedule time, having been just four hours in crossing, and stood on the shores of La Belle France. We stopped about three-fourths of an hour to shift and inspect baggage and get into the cars, arriving at Paris about 7.30 in the evening. There was a good deal of trouble and delay in getting the baggage. Three guides and interpreters were on hand (agents of Gaze & Sons,) to look after us and assist us. We took coaches and arrived at Hotel St. James about nine. We had some trouble and delay about rooms.

I want to say a word right here about going with a party on an excursion. If you have got plenty of money, you had better go alone or with



a small party, the smaller the better. Of course you can go cheaper with a large party or organization; but you can't move off alone or start till the whole party is ready to move. Where there are many, delays are occasioned, and there is much waiting one for another; you have to move as one body, and large bodies are invariably behind time and move slowly.





COLUMN VENDOME, PARIS

## FIFTEENTH DAY.

In Paris—Places visited—Down in the vaults—Tomb of Napoleon—Vendome Column—Beggars around churches.

Monday, July 13, found us in Paris at the St. James Hotel, having arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening after a hard day's travel. We drove around the city; visited the Church of Madeleine, Church of Notre Dame and other churches; visited the Pantheon, a large and imposing structure standing on high ground, built in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome 272 feet high. It contains magnificent statuary and paintings of warriors, statesmen and battle scenes. Numerous frescoes in the interior are among the finest work of this century. Some thirty of us descended into the vaults below, looking into the tombs of the eminent warriors and statesmen buried there. The most recent addition was the body of the late President of the French Republic, murdered June 24th, 1894. In 1871 this building was held by the commune for two days, and one of its principal leaders was shot upon its front steps.

In going down into the vaults, the guide with a dim lantern led us through its narrow and intricate passages between the tombs. Suddenly he turned into one of the passages, the others fol-

lowing. Having lingered behind, I found myself alone in the darkness and scrambled on as best I could, running against one thing and another, getting very anxious for fear I might be left and shut in there. Fortunately, I soon saw the glimmer of his lantern, and hastened toward it, coming up with the rest of the party all right.

We visited the tomb of Napoleon in the Church of the Invalides. Under its dome, which is 340 feet high, is the circular crypt, 36 feet in diameter, and 20 feet deep. The walls are of polished granite with marble reliefs. The mosaic pavement at the bottom represents a wreath of laurels, and from its center rises the sarcophagus which contains the ashes of Napoleon I., brought here from the island of St. Helena, where he died. Over the entrance to the vault is inscribed the request contained in his will: "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well."

In riding around the city there were many places of interest that we saw too numerous to mention in this short narrative, but there was one we had all read much about, that was the Column Vendome. As we stopped under its shadow I thought of its history. It was built at the time of Napoleon I. to commemorate his victories over the Prussians and Austrians. It is of

stone, cuirassed with plates of bronze running spirally from top to bottom like a ribbon, on which are the names of generals and famous battles scenes. The communists threw this column down in 1871 and broke it up into sections. The pedestal on which it rests was not disturbed and the column has since been replaced. The metallic portion of the column was procured by melting 1200 cannons taken from the Russians and Austrians. It is 142 feet high and 13 feet in diameter, the base being about 20 feet square. The top is surmounted by a bust of Napoleon I.

I noticed in Paris, as well as in the other places we visited, that the beggars seemed to gather around the churches, and sometimes followed us in and stationed themselves in the niches of the vestibules. In one church in particular we visited the beggars were arranged all along, some half dozen on each side, and as we came out were very persistent in their appeals for aid. One old woman, wrinkled and toothless, with an infant child in her arms, held out an old tin dipper with some change in it, which she shook and rattled as we passed. When any did not see fit to contribute at her solicitation she uttered a growl and jabbered away at them. Here was a church costing millions of dollars and beggars at its gates. The contrast was terrible, and I could not understand why it was allowed.



## SIXTEENTH DAY.

Great military review — Triumphal Arch — Late at the review —  
President of France shot at — The Eiffel Tower.

Tuesday, July 14th, we went to a great military review in Paris in which 50,000 troops took part. This fete day in Paris corresponds somewhat to our Fourth of July at home. Paris was gay with flags and streamers, and in every direction the people filled the streets. Men and women, boys and girls, formed cotillion parties and danced in the streets and byways. This was a day set down on the programme as a day of independent action, or in other words, a go-as-you-please at your own expense.

Some thirty of us engaged a large party wagon, with five horses and an interpreter, to go to this military review, which was fifteen miles distant from our hotel, agreeing to be all ready to start at 9 A. M. There were many delays in getting started, occasioned by those that had agreed to go not putting in an appearance. The evening before, when the party was made up, there were more wanted to go than could be comfortably accommodated; but when the time came for starting so many had thought of other places to go to, or joined friends going in different directions,

that they quietly slipped out, leaving the contractor with about one-half a load, and on that he was not willing to start, saying that the price agreed upon (\$2.00 each) would not pay him. After an hour's delay, however, we started.

When well on the way, somebody spied the Triumphal Arch, that they had not visited or seen before, and they wanted to drive to it and under it. The driver, through the interpreter, said he was willing to go anywhere we wanted to; he was at our service for the day, etc. This arch is called the Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile, and is the finest triumphal arch in existence. It can be seen from all parts of the city. It was commenced in 1806 and was completed in 1836. It is 160 feet high, 146 feet broad, 72 feet deep, and cost £400,000. We arrived near the plain where the review was held at about noon, say within a quarter of a mile of it, and could get no nearer. Sentinels were posted everywhere, blocking the way and keeping us back.

We were told in making the arrangement that we should ride on to the edge of the field and sit in the wagon and see the parade, but we could not get there. Then there was fault finding and the poor interpreter had his hands full to explain. He said that we were late in getting started; that we went out of our way, and stopped on the way, etc. There were some who were not satisfied

and pressed him harder, pointing out the fact that they could see teams away in beyond us, etc. The poor interpreter finally in despair said, "If you had been here earlier I could have placed you as I agreed; but now I can't get there, because all the police of Paris and all the soldiers of France are here with orders to stop me. This seemed to be conclusive, so he drove his team around into a side road in the shade, and those who wanted to get out and go nearer could do so, or roam about until time of returning. There was a nice cafe near by where we all got dinner.

After dinner, some few of us went to the front, as near as we could get, which meant looking over the heads of some six or eight in front of us. We could only see the heads and bayonets of the infantry, and the mounted soldiers as they passed, and as it was an exceedingly hot day it was very tedious, although the number of soldiers was five times as many as we saw at Aldershot in England. We had no part in this, and saw very little of it. I saw the President of France (Faure) as he and others rode by in a barouche, and heard the cheering, and may have heard the shot that was fired by a crank at him, but, in the noise and confusion and firing all about, it would be impossible to tell.

Some of our party who were a little distant from us said they heard the shot and saw the



EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS.

soldiers take the man away after he fired. After the parade was dismissed we had a good chance to see most all of those who participated in it, as we stood opposite the principal road where they marched from the field. When they struck the road where we stood they turned, some going one way and some the other. We had a pleasant drive back to our hotel, seeing many places of interest on the way. Some of our party that did not go to the military review with us visited the Eiffel Tower and went up into it. Their description of it was very interesting; but with the shortness of the time we were in Paris it was only a question as to what place we would choose to go—we could not go to them all.

After supper I drove to the tower and saw the people going up and down in it. A short description of it may not be uninteresting here. It is an open, wrought iron frame work, and looks as though it were set on stilts. It is very lofty, being 985 feet high; it has three platforms or landing places. The first one contains cafes, comfortably arranged for many hundred visitors at a time; the second platform is 376 feet high, and the third 863 feet. Elevators take visitors to these landings. One can judge of its loftiness who has seen the Washington Monument, which is 555 feet high. Eiffel Tower, it will be seen, is nearly twice as high. Those who have seen



Bunker Hill Monument, which is 221 feet high, will notice that this tower is within ten feet of being four and one-half times as lofty.

The principal thoroughfares of Paris are very wide and the people seem to live a good deal in the streets. The cafes had tables set out on the sidewalks and under trees, and in some cases far into the streets and squares. One thing I noticed on some of the principal streets: the buildings came out to a line of the edgestone of the sidewalks, except the first story, that was kept back the width of the sidewalk, leaving the other stories to project over. This I saw on one very wide and long street that extended as far as I could see. It did not seem necessary, for the street was wide and there were no buildings on the other side. A public park and garden, not unlike our Public Garden, was on the other side. This system of sidewalks gave good protection to pedestrians. I saw and went through a number of streets 30 feet wide and 300 feet long, cross streets from one main avenue to another, that were arched over with an iron framework and filled in with glass, having stores on each side. It looked finely lit up in the evening. I think if some of our narrow thoroughfares in Boston could not be widened in any other way, it might be done as in Paris by carrying the sidewalks under the buildings, leaving the upper stories to project to the line of the street.

## SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Left Paris for Cologne—Custom House officers—Anxiety about getting left—Cars run on left hand track—Women working in the fields—Arrival at Cologne.

Wednesday morning, July 15th, we left Paris for Cologne in Germany; left hotel at 8 o'clock in coaches for railroad station; left railroad station at nine; stopped on the way at stations some half dozen times. Once as we crossed the line between France and Germany we had to have our baggage inspected. There were animated talks between our guide and the Custom House officers, so that one would almost think there was going to be a fight and that we were all going to be arrested and locked up. It all calmed down, however, and we went on our way rejoicing. Some of the party had taken from them, merely to show that the officers were doing their duty, a pamphlet costing ten cents and an India rubber doll valued at about the same. We stopped from five to fifteen minutes each time, some getting refreshments on the way. There was a good deal of anxiety about getting left when we got out of the train, for the cars would start without a moment's warning, and the depot men (all soldiers) would run and lock the car doors or turn

a turnbuckle at the bottom of the door so low down that you could not reach it from the inside.

At one station, where it was said there would be a fifteen minutes stop, most everybody got out and went into the cafe, feeling at ease on account of the length of time it was announced we were to stop; but in about five minutes the cars started, and there was a rush for the train. The soldiers pulled them back, and those on the inside looked out of the windows and tried to help their friends on. There was a great commotion. Those that could give any information could not be understood. It was a false alarm, the train was only going farther down the track to switch off and come back on the other side of the depot, as is very often done in America. As it was, some two or three got left at some point along the route, but by much trouble, anxiety and expense came up with us in about 48 hours. One man's ticket, which made it worse for him, was in his carpet bag in the car that left without him.

One thing that bothered us was that the cars all run on the left-hand track, and all teams turn to the left on meeting. It was a very warm and sultry day. As we looked from the car windows, as we rode along through the country, we saw hundreds of women, bare-headed, working in the fields. All the farming seemed to be done by women, and every foot of land was cultivated and

made to yield something. They have no broad acres to spare, as we have in this country.

Arrived at Cologne 9 P. M.; supper at 10; to bed at 11; more or less trouble about rooms. As usual, some of the party, that had roomed together up to this time, were separated.



## EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Sail on the Rhine — Arrival at Weisbaden.

Thursday, July 16th, we were up with the lark and got our breakfast for an early start for a sail on the world-renowned "River Rhine." It was raining hard when we started for the steamer "Wilhelm," which was to take us from the landing just around the corner in the rear of our hotel, but we did not mind the rain for so short a distance. The decks were covered with awnings for protection from sun or rain; it soon stopped raining, although the weather was more or less lowery all day. It did not, however, prevent our enjoying the scenery on both sides of the river, said to be the most magnificent in the world, and called in poetry "the dream of a lifetime." The mountains that rise abruptly on each side are terraced with intertwining paths, and covered with vineyards; grape raising for wine, being the chief employment. Many castles are seen high up on the sides of the mountains, and a village now and then at their base. The whole scene is romantic. There is a driveway on each side of the river, and steam cars also run along each bank, going through numerous tunnels where the sides of the mountains project. I was told

that bridal parties in going up the river usually selected this route through the tunnels for reasons not explained. Of course I did not wish to appear green by asking questions. I suppose when they came back down the river they took the steamer, so that they could view the scenery on both sides.

Now and then a steamer with passengers saluted us as they passed. The river is very narrow, not averaging in width more than the length of the steamer we went over in. We stopped at the landing at Bingen, that we have read so much about in poetry and prose, and arrived at Weisbaden at 9 in the evening, where we immediately took tram cars for Hotel "Four Seasons," about two miles distant. The distance from Cologne to Wiesbaden by the river is about 100 miles.





## NINETEENTH DAY.

Boiling springs — Visit to Frankfort — Ride around Weisbaden.

Friday morning, July 17th, visited the celebrated saline boiling springs and drank of their waters. Invalids from all parts of the world come here, and during part of the year the city is crowded and the hotels are all occupied; but the time we were there was the dull season, and the Hotel Four Seasons, a large and handsome house where we stopped, had very few guests. The climate is mild at Weisbaden, the mercury scarcely ever reaching the freezing point. The party divided during the day's stop here to visit the various places of interest. A few of us took the steam cars for Frankfort, about 20 miles distant, and visited that ancient city. On arriving there we took a carriage for some two hours and viewed its beautiful buildings and statuary. We visited what was formerly a magnificent church, but now in ruins. Of its history we know nothing, for the explanations of the driver, in a foreign language, conveyed to us no information. We saw the house where Martin Luther lived. Frankfort is a city of splendid churches. We returned to Weisbaden, and toward night took carriages and rode around the city. We

visited the Greek church with its relics of church history, Robber's Cave, and other places of interest. Later in the evening many of us visited a beer garden which was on an extensive scale. A great crowd was there sitting at tables and drinking beer, some inside the buildings and under sheds, others out in the open air and under trees.

The band recognizing our presence played the Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, America, and other national airs pleasing to Americans, and the applause that followed showed that a hit had been made.



## TWENTIETH DAY.

Back down the Rhine — Death of Governor Russell — The Cathedral.

Saturday, July 18th, we got up early and took the boat back down the River Rhine, arriving at night at the Hotel Victoria in Cologne that we had left two days before. I read this morning in the New York Herald the death of Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts. We visited the Cathedral, it being only a short distance from the hotel where we stopped. We had a good view of it, outside and inside, on two different occasions. All things considered, it is said to be the grandest Catholic church in the world. The statuary, outside and in, and around the doors and arches, must number thousands. It was commenced in 1248, and work on it has continued at intervals to this day. Its spires tower to 512 feet; they are built of a stone that from its appearance would not stand our climate, but I saw no effects of that mild climate upon it. Services were being held while we were there, which we were told were continuous. About 100 worshippers were gathered in one corner in a church which at least would hold 2000.

## TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

Took cars for Brussels — Visited the battlefield at Waterloo — Description of the field.

On Sunday morning, July 19th, we took the cars for Brussels, arriving there about 2 P. M. We put up at the Grand Hotel Le Emperor, and visited the battlefield at Waterloo, that I had heard and read so much about in my schoolboy days. We went into the museum adjoining it, containing relics picked up on the field since the battle. We then went on top of the mound, some 150 feet high, and about as broad at its base, built up in the shape of a cone, flattened at the top, and surmounted by the figure of the Belgian lion in bronze, leaving sufficient space for 50 people to walk around on it.

From the top of this mound our lecturer described the battle, calling attention to the different points of interest; such as the farmhouse where Napoleon stopped the night before the battle, the spot where the sunken road, so graphically described by Victor Hugo in his history of the battle, was located. This had been filled up, and had nothing to distinguish it from its surroundings. In fact, the whole contour of the land has been changed, the hills having been dug

away to build this immense mound. I think this was a mistake, the field should have remained as it was on the day of the battle, and if it was thought necessary or advisable to build a mound in the center, like the one built, the material to build it should have been brought from a distance beyond.

The spot was pointed out where Wellington stood on the closing hours of that memorable day, the 18th of June, 1815, when he gave that celebrated order "Up guards and at them;" the place where the English squares stood when Marshal Ney led that charge of the Old Guard against them; the part of the field where the Prussian army appeared under Blucher to reinforce the English. At this crisis of the battle, turning seeming defeat into victory, history says "Napoleon's star in this battle trembled in its zenith, and the clock of ages turned backward." From this field Napoleon, who had commanded in a hundred battles and gained many victories, went to his exile and his death.

The distance between Waterloo and London, crossing the Straits of Dover, is a little over 200 miles, about the same distance as it is between Liverpool and London, that we traversed in less than four hours; yet it took the news of the defeat of Napoleon three days to reach London, showing the advance in this direction since that time.

As I stood on this eminence called the "Iron Mound," and surveyed this historic field, it seemed as though I could hear the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the clashing of sabers and the shouts of the contending forces. We read in history that a grand ball was held in Brussels some 25 miles distant; that Wellington, the commander of the British forces, with many of his officers were in attendance when Napoleon and his army reached Waterloo, and the sound of their cannon gave the first evidence of their arrival, taking Wellington entirely by surprise and breaking up the assemblage. The poem of Byron, that I had read so many times in my school books, instinctively sprang to my lips. So well does it describe that gathering the night before the battle, it seems fitting to present it here:

#### BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
But hush! hark! — a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —  
But, hark! — That heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat.



And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldiers ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day,  
Battle's magnificently-sterne array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

## TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

Visited the House of Parliament — Lace factory — Dogs used in teaming.

Monday, July 20th, we rode about the city. Brussels is the capital of Belgium. We visited the House of Parliament, Senate Chamber and House of Representatives, corresponding to the Capitol at Washington. It is 525 feet high with splendid marble columns for support. Some 600 houses were pulled down to build it. We visited the Royal Museum with its splendid paintings and statuary. Brussels has some of the most splendid buildings in the world. The manufacture of lace is carried on here to a great extent. We visited a lace factory, and saw old women and young girls working on lace; made a purchase of a lace fan, and was told that the earnings of the employes by close application averaged about 30 cents a day for twelve hours' work. I noticed, while being shown around, and while in conversation in making the purchase, that not one of the employes raised her eyes from her work, so close did it require her attention to do the difficult work and earn the wages she received. Dogs are used here to a great extent in teaming, while women drive horses, work in the fields, and at other manual labor, always going bareheaded.

## TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

In Antwerp — Soldiers everywhere — Place where Rubens lived  
— Where the first paper was printed — Principal seaport —  
The sunset scenery.

Tuesday, July 21st, we left Hotel Le Emperor for Antwerp, arriving there at 10.30 A. M., and put up at Hotel St. Antoine; soldiers were everywhere, celebrating the King's birthday; took carriages and visited the Church of Notre Dame with its numerous statuary on the outside and tomb of Christ on the inside; also visited St. Paul's and saw large wood carvings inside. Both churches were commenced in 1400 and are not finished yet.

Antwerp, or, in French, "Anvers" is 31 miles from Ghent by railway. It is the chief seaport of Belgium. In the 16th century it had 200,000 inhabitants; in 1790 only 40,000; now it has 250,000 or more. The Cathedral is the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in Belgium. It was begun about the middle of the 14th century and was completed in the 16th, but has been much damaged and restored again since then. The spire is 402 feet in height, and the chimes (99 bells) are deservedly famous. Within the church are Rubens' "Descent from the Cross,"

considered his masterpiece, and also his "Elevation of the Cross," "Assumption" and "Resurrection," with many good pictures by other artists.

The "Belfry of Bruges" (350 feet high,) built in the latter part of the 14th century, is the Tower of the Halles, now occupied by municipal offices and a market. The chimes (48 bells) are among the best in Europe, and play every quarter of an hour. It is worth while to ascend the tower, (half franc to the doorkeeper, and the same to the custodian at the top) not only to see the bells, but also for the extensive view.

Ghent is 28 miles from Bruges by rail. The belfry (375 feet high) is noted for the view from the top, also its chimes (44 bells, including the one whose name is Roland,) and for its vane the "golden dragon" (10 feet long) taken from the church of St. Sophia in Constantinople by Count Baldwin in 1204.

This is the place where Rubens lived, the most celebrated painter of his time, or since, whose paintings are seen in art galleries all over Europe. He commenced life as a blacksmith, in which calling he greatly excelled, and in one of the squares of the city there is a specimen of his work made of wrought iron, the outline of which looks not unlike a great fountain. It is said he courted the daughter of a celebrated painter, who objected to his calling, wanting his daughter to have one of

his own craft; the reply of Rubens was that he could paint, too, and the first thing he did was to paint a large fly on the corner of one of the pictures in the studio of his prospective father-in-law, who on coming in and seeing it, tried a number of times to brush it off before he discovered the deception.

This is also the place where the first paper was printed, the building being pointed out to us as we rode by. We saw the buildings of the Spanish and Roman inquisitions, which are now used as storehouses. After dinner we took barges, with baggage on top for the steamer, stopping on the way to visit the Museum of Arts, said to contain 1500 paintings of the most celebrated artists.

Flags of all nations were flying on vessels in port and up the river. At 4.30 o'clock took the steamer Chelmsford en route for Cambridge, England, by way of Harwich. The sunset scenery, in leaving port and going out of the river, was delightful. In the night we crossed the North Sea and arrived at Harwich, England, at five o'clock the next morning, going ashore at 5.45. Custom House officers examined our baggage and at 6 A. M. we took cars for Cambridge, arriving there at 8 A. M. on the morning of July 22d.

## TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

In Cambridge — Visited the Art Museum.

Cambridge is a city of about 28,000 inhabitants, noted for its celebrated colleges; got breakfast at Bull's Head Hotel Restaurant; took carriages and rode about the city, viewing its splendid parks and drives; stopped and went into the Art Museum, in a building majestic in its proportions, outside and in. We spent about an hour in this Museum, (a day would have been a short time) looking at the pictures which were numbered by the hundreds, the product of celebrated artists in all parts of the world, those of Rubens being conspicuous. In the afternoon at about 2.30 o'clock we took the cars for Liverpool and arrived at the Hotel Compton at about 7 in the evening.



## TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

In Liverpool—Description of the docks—On board steamer—Soldiers to meet us—Ancient got left—Friends to see us off—The start—The time to say farewell—Greetings exchanged—A feeling of relief—Custom of fees—The arrangement of chairs.

Thursday, July 23d, a few of us visited the celebrated Liverpool Docks, while the women went shopping. These docks extend some five or six miles along the river Mersey, at its mouth near where it enters the Irish Sea. They are not, as some have supposed, docks to repair vessels in, although there are many large ones of this kind, but are what we would call wet basins, into which vessels are taken to load or unload, being taken in and out at high tide. Some of them extend a half mile or more inland. The reason and necessity of these docks is the great rise and fall of the tides in this locality, which is some twenty feet or more. The tides in Boston average about ten feet.

These docks are crossed by bridges or gates that can be opened to move a vessel from one dock to another or take it out altogether. Some of them are large enough to admit and unload twenty vessels at a time, and by means of these docks the vessels lying in them are not subject to

the rise and fall of the tides, which is a great convenience in loading and unloading, or the danger of damage from grounding when the tide goes out. The docks are operated by a central power contained in a head house and tower. I learned one thing about the repair docks; that instead of pumping them out as we do here, after the vessel is floated in, they shut the main entrance gates and place the vessel in position to land on the blocks. Then they open the valves that are arranged at intervals along the sides at bottom of the dock, which lets the water run out into the river at low tide, or as the tide goes down. When the water has run out, the valves are closed, which prevents any water from coming back with the returning tide. The reason pumping is required for our docks here in Boston and on the Atlantic coast is, that in order to get draught of water sufficient to take in large vessels, the bottom of the dock has to be lower than the water outside of it. The bottom of the dock in the Boston Navy Yard, for instance, is about 15 feet lower than the water outside its gates at low tide.

We had dinner at 3 o'clock, and immediately took barges from the hotel for the steamer that sailed at 4.30 P. M. Great crowds were on the landing and wharves and in the streets adjoining to see us off. Everywhere is hurry and bustle,

and preparations going on for the start. A large delegation of the Manchester Volunteer Officers' Association were on the landing to receive us when we arrived to take the steamer, some of the officers coming on board, and through their president, Col. Robert Bridgeport, presented to Col. Walker for the company an elegant and suitably inscribed memorial, to which Col. Walker replied in fitting terms.

One of the Ancients, Mr. George E. Adams, was a little late; he arrived at the landing just after the *Servia* had hauled off and was well under way. A cab driver took him to the wrong dock some half mile away, and in getting back to the right place he came very near being left. He only escaped it by jumping on to a tug boat which lay near with steam all up, and by the tender of ten dollars they soon had him aboard.

Our sight seeing is now over, we are about starting for our home. We are on board the steamship that is to convey us to "our own, our native land." We are bidding adieu to the many friends that we have met, and who have treated us so generously and well.

The bell has now rung for the last time; the gang plank is hauled in; the engines begin to move; the great steamship seems to tremble in every joint at the mighty task before it; thousands of friends on the landing have gathered to see us

off and are bidding us "bon voyage." [See page 16, showing the wharf at Liverpool in the distance after the *Servia* had started.]

Those who went over in the *Servia* will recollect "the Major," who entertained us so well; he was



LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

on the landing, hat in hand, to see us off. The steamer "*Skirmisher*" starts out with us, and accompanies us a few miles with a band of music and a few friends on board, who gave us so glorious a welcome on our arrival; but the time

has come when we must part. The *Servia*, with her mighty engines, is beginning to gain on the steamer our friends are in. The time to say farewell has arrived; their band starts up that old familiar tune, "Auld Lang Syne," and our friends wish us a safe return. Our band then strikes up "Home Again from a Foreign Shore."

We are now fairly started on our journey home, but the great Atlantic ocean, 3000 miles across, still stretches between us and our native land. Everybody seems to realize this, and for a short time stillness seemed to reign on board, but with a little rest and the delightful weather that prevailed all became merry again; greetings were exchanged between those who had formed an acquaintance while "going over" but had separated on different excursions after leaving London to meet again on the *Servia* for the return trip. Each relates his experience of what he had seen and heard during the separation.

A feeling of relief comes over us; our passports have been examined for the last time, the last Custom House officer has been passed; our baggage has been overhauled for the last time, at least until we reach home. This overhauling of baggage as we crossed the border line that separates one country from another was a cause of terror to the female members, who protested loudly that they had only with them what they

brought from home, although there were lace handkerchiefs and fans without number that did not have the Boston mark on them; but they were not generally where the officer looked, and no personal examination was made. Pockets were in skirts that never had them before, and big sleeves looked larger than ever.

We have now ceased to be perplexed by a half dozen different languages, or puzzled by a variety of coinage or currency, and we thank God with fresh fervor that beyond the swelling floods there is a land it is our privilege to call our own; that in its length and breadth in every direction there is a common currency, a common Constitution, and a common destiny.

I desire at this point to speak of the detestable custom of feeling that is in vogue all over Europe and is beginning to prevail to some extent in this country, which I think is un-American, to say the least. If there is anything that a Yankee wants to know, it is how much he has got to pay and what he is going to get when he makes a bargain. Now in the printed contract with Gaze & Sons, who conducted the party, it says "the conveyance of hand baggage, waiters' fees, tips, entrance fees to sights visited, and carriage excursions specially named is included in the price paid." Now here an exception comes in which said, "This does not include fees to stewards on board the steamship,"



the fee question being purely personal, and depending largely upon the service rendered. No one suspected that the waiters on the table were to be paid, or the servants who attended to the staterooms, or lit the lamps, or screwed up the air ports in your room at night when it looked like a storm, etc. Now these servants not only expected to be paid but they demanded it, and, if not paid what they thought enough, demanded more.

I had a number of these experiences. You can't make a bargain with a cab driver but that there will be an extra charge that you did not expect. The arrangement of chairs is another nuisance. You are charged a dollar for a chair to sit in about the deck in going over, and the same coming back, and you can't find it half the time. Why not charge enough to put these expenses into the bill in the first place, and then if you could not afford to go you could stay at home. When we have an American line of steamers running from this port to Europe, I trust that is the way it will be done.

## TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

Arrival at Queenstown—Body of Mr. West—White gulls followed us—Visit to different parts of the vessel—Emigrants' quarters.

On the morning of July 24th (Friday) we arrived at Queenstown, where we lay for about two hours and took on and put off passengers and freight. One of the sad things we witnessed was the taking on board the body of a Mr. West, of Providence Rhode Island, who with his wife and three children were passengers on the steamer with us going over, getting off at Queenstown. He was in poor health before starting and expected to recruit it by travel in Ireland. His wife and children were returning with the body.

On going along the coast of Ireland, some 150 to 200 white gulls followed us all one day to pick up the refuse matter from the tables thrown over by the stewards at different times as we steamed along. They would make a dive for the food, covering a large space on the water, piling up on top of one another in their eagerness to get it; then, after being left miles behind, they would come up with the steamer again, flying around it and across it in every direction. Many of them came so close that you could see their eyes.

They seemed to be watching for crackers that some passengers were occasionally throwing over to them. They would dive for it and be right back for another. When you think that this steamer was going at the rate of about 20 miles an hour and that these birds were flying about in circles after being left behind, coming up again against a head wind, blowing perhaps 40 miles an hour, you can realize the wonderful power of their wings. Sometimes they seemed to lay with outstretched wings, moving along with the vessel without apparent exertion or motion, till they started in another direction, and then only a slight motion and a few flaps of their wings was noticed. You marvel at the power within them, a power that man does not possess, nor does he understand its application.

With comrade Hazlett I visited the different parts of the vessel, going down among the boilers and machinery, and also down into the quarters of the emigrants or steerage passengers, as they are called. There were about 100 of them in going over and 150 in coming back, men, women and children, from the child in its mother's arms to the old man of 70. The places where they slept were simply long shelves about six feet wide, built one above another, with a board about 8 inches wide running along the whole length of them for a head and foot board, forming one long

bed where they tumbled in together with their clothes all on. Probably not one in a dozen had anything in the shape of clothing except what they had on, and this you understand is down three decks in the forward part of the vessel, away to the bottom. The only light and air comes down the hatchways, the top or spar deck being closed in stormy weather. They are not allowed to come up on deck at such times.

As I have said, our passage in going and coming was remarkably pleasant, except the day on returning when we had the southwest gale, which I will describe further on. It was a very pleasant day when I visited the emigrants' quarters, a very few being down there; most all being up on deck lying around in the sun. The day we had the blow they were shut down, as no one could stay up on deck except around the stern, while the forward part, where they were allowed to come up and congregate in pleasant weather and take a sunbath, was submerged half of the time. What must be the condition of these people, huddled together in a storm like sheep in a pen, with seasickness and the calls of nature that must be obeyed! It only shows what people can do if they have to. Think of a storm and rough weather all the way in the winter time, that many vessels encounter. There were a number of women among the emigrants with two or three

children, and in one case a young and good appearing woman, who was not over 25 or 27 years old, had five children with her, the oldest about seven years. I walked forward and engaged her in conversation a number of times, carrying some oranges and knick-knacks for the children, when they came up on deck to bask in the sun. She said she was going to America to meet her husband, who had preceded her some time before and was working in Boston. He was on the wharf in East Boston when we arrived, to meet his family. I could not help soliloquizing what made them come, suffering all the privations of a sea voyage, to a land of strangers. The soil and climate of the country they came from (Ireland) is equal to our own. What is it? I will not attempt to solve the problem, but leave the reader to his own reflections.



## TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

Vessel rolling and pitching — Saw two large vessels.

Saturday, July 25th, up early and on deck. The wind had freshened considerably; the waves were running higher, and the steamer was rolling and pitching more than we had seen it before, so much so that walking along the deck was difficult. There was, however, a clear and sunny sky overhead. In the morning saw a large sailing vessel about three miles off the port bow, going the same way we were; in the afternoon saw a large steamer about the same distance off going in an opposite direction. Our lookout could not make her out, but supposed it was a tramp. It rained hard in the night, but was pleasant next morning.



## TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

Wind fresh in the morning — Alone in the world — Divine service in the forenoon — Porpoises gamboling.

Sunday, July 26th, the wind was fresh this morning, with some sea, although the steamer was going very steadily on her course. There were not as many up on deck or moving about as usual. I suppose from force of habit acquired on the land many went to the second table. I was feeling particularly well this morning. I went up forward among the emigrants, who were lying about the deck in heaps; went up on the fore-castle deck with the vessel moving along, pitching and rolling like a thing of life. Now and then a wave dashed against the bow, throwing the spray in all directions. Looking around over the broad Atlantic, nothing but the rolling waters met my gaze in every direction. I was alone, as it were, in the whole world this Sunday morning, and I had plenty of food for reflection as the noble steamer I was on "cleaved her path majestic through the flood as if she was a goddess of the deep. Oh, 'tis a thought sublime that man can trace a path upon the waste; can find a way where all is trackless, and compel the winds, those freest agents of Almighty power, to lend their untamed wings and bear him on to distant climes." At-

tended divine service in the forenoon, between 10 and 11 o'clock, in the large dining room, conducted by Revs. Mr. Berle and Mr. Horton. There was a large attendance.



GROUP ON THE SERVA.

The day continued beautiful. In the afternoon a large school of porpoises were seen gamboling and jumping out of the water. Toward night the breeze had died down, so that there was only a small ripple on the water. After dinner, which takes place between 6 and 7, everybody was up on deck and seemed to be taking comfort.

## TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

South-west gale — Length between the waves.

Monday, July 27th. This was the day we caught the southwest gale. The weather was remarkably pleasant the day before, and we were about half way home—in the center of the ocean. We had sailed over summer seas in going, and thus far in returning; but in the night we caught the gale, and we had all we wanted. The vessel that had only rolled and pitched slightly before, was now doing it in earnest, and we could only get around the decks by holding on to ropes. The waves, as the saying is, rolled mountains high, and this great steamer, 528 feet long (about two and one-half times as long as the Bunker Hill Monument is tall) was tossed about like an egg-shell. When the distance between the waves was so short that before her stern left one, her bow was riding another, she got along quite comfortably, but when the waves were so far apart that her bows pitched down into the hollow of the seas, she would go straight through the next, the crest sweeping the decks from stem to stern.

Most everybody seemed to enjoy it; a few, however, were frightened, and they were not all women either. I was looking on, watching the

motion and calculating the length between the crest of the waves, and wondering whether if a vessel was built, say a thousand feet long, she might not span any two waves of the ocean without pitching in between them, thus going along as steadily as a railroad train. Now I think I hear some one in the Boston Navy Yard say, "Where are you going to build a dock to put her in?"

From the Atlantic Daily, Tuesday, July 28th.

"Comrade Hichborn and Sergt. Lucas braved the fury of the waves yesterday morning on the hurricane deck; but, after getting a thorough drenching from a big wave that broke over the bows, they concluded that a bathtub was good enough for them and beat a hasty retreat."

We saw many steamers and sailing vessels, large and small, on the ocean in going and returning, but none came near enough to speak to us, except by signals from a number of large steamers. We were not near enough at any time to any of them to see anyone on board. It would have been pleasant and would have relieved the monotony to have done so. At about 3 o'clock this morning the lookout reported that we passed close under the lee of a fishing schooner anchored in the fog off the Grand Banks.

## THIRTIETH DAY.

Weather clear and cool — Whales seen in the distance — Fishing schooners off Grand Banks.

Tuesday, July 28th, the gale had passed, and the weather was clear and cool; the emigrants, mostly women and children, had come up on deck from their damp abode below to get a breath of fresh air and bask in the sunshine. In the forenoon we saw a school of whales sporting in the distance. In the afternoon some six or seven fishing schooners were seen off the Grand Banks, and we came within about half a mile of one of them.

## THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

Dull in the morning — Large ship in sight — Testimonial to Col. Hedges — Concert in the evening — program.

Wednesday, July 29th, dull in the morning, but at 11 o'clock the sun was shining again and the general subject of conversation was, when the steamer would arrive. There was only a slight ripple on the water, and the steamer was speeding on homeward as though it were as anxious as those on board. A large ship hove in sight in the distance under full sail. During the day a testimonial was presented to Col. Hedges, signed by every officer and member of the Ancients. The following is the text of the testimonial:

To COL. S. M. HEDGES, Chairman London Committee:

The undersigned beg to unite in most sincere and heartfelt expressions of our appreciation of your uniform courtesy, tact and energy in making possible the grand and triumphal tour of the A. and H. A. Company to England and the Continent. To your intelligent and patient zeal, seconded by your co-adjutors, is due the great and unprecedented success of our departure, reception in England, and return to America. Therefore, please accept this testimonial of our high esteem, combined with assurances of our abiding friendship and regard.

In the evening a concert was held in the dining room, similar to the one we had when we went over, and for the same object, as follows:



PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT  
IN AID OF THE  
SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE  
AND EAST BOSTON MISSION FOR SEAMEN.  
ON BOARD S. S. "SERVIA,"  
WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1896.  
AT 8.30 P. M.  
HON. JOHN C. WYMAN, Chairman.

1. Band, "La Polona"
2. Remarks by Hon. John C. Wyman.
3. Recitation, Mrs. H. H. Hamilton
4. Speech, Rev. E. A. Horton
5. Songs — "Slavery Days," "Colored 400," Bob Hyde
6. Appeal, Rev. A. A. Berle, D. D.
7. Collection. Selection by the band.
8. Recitation, George Wilson of Boston Museum Co.
9. Cornet Solo, Band
10. Stories by Hon. J. C. Wyman
11. Quartette,  
F. W. Childs, A. P. Childs, F. W. Goodwin, F. W. Homans.  
Finale: "God Save the Queen" and "America."  
Jean M. Missud, Bandmaster. \$100 was collected.

In this connection I wish to mention that the Salem Cadet band that accompanied us was omnipresent, and by their playing and singing added much to the eclat and enjoyment of the trip.

## THIRTY-SECOND DAY.

Last day on the ocean — Took pilot on board.

Thursday, July 30th. This was the last day on the ocean before our arrival home. The sun was shining brightly, the sea was calm, and everybody looked pleased. The *Servia* glided along with the slightest motion; everything looked auspicious for our landing in the morning. In the evening, as we were nearing home, we were all up on deck and looking for the pilot to come aboard. There was considerable interest to see what pilot would get us and bring us in, and many bets were made. About 9 o'clock we saw lights moving in the distance, and at about 10 a splashing of oars was heard, and pilot "Bill" Abbott, as they called him (a member of the Ancients) of Pilot Boat No. 2, came out of the darkness and right along side of us, being rowed by two sailors in a small boat. A rope was thrown to him that he caught, and then like a cat he ran up a rope ladder hanging over the side, and leaped on deck amidst great rejoicing.

In a few minutes the large pilot boat that he left came distinctly into our view. Having seen the pilot come on board, we soon sought our berths to be up early in the morning, pack our trunks

and get ready for the reception we knew was being prepared for us. The Servia, while being slow in going over (a little over eight days), broke the record in coming back, being about five and one-half hours less than seven days, making allowance for difference in time.



## THIRTY-THIRD DAY.

Times flies — Friends come to meet us — The return of the flags — Banquet at Faneuil Hall — Arrival home — Gov. Wolcott's welcome back — Col. Walker's reply — Mayor Quincy's welcome in behalf of the City — Col. Walker's response.

Friday, July 31st. . Time flies, the vessel speeds on her way, we are fast approaching our country and home. I was dreaming of home and friends, and those we left behind, when there rang out on the clear air of the morning the voice of the pilot on deck, "Boston Light on the star-board bow!" An electric shock seemed to go through me at the sound. I sprang from my berth, and hastily robing and making my toilet, not stopping for sleeve buttons or necktie, I was soon on deck, there to behold once more the headlands of my native city, the State House, the Bunker Hill Monument,—under whose shadow for more than sixty years I had lived and slept without ever thinking of visiting a foreign shore till on this occasion,—the Navy Yard, where for so many years I had been in and out, and where it seemed to me every foot of its soil my feet had sometimes pressed.

Tug boats and steamers had come forth to meet us and were gathering around us; friends had

come on board, bringing us the morning papers and inviting us to the reception that awaited us. At 7 o'clock we were at the wharf at East Boston; our baggage had gone ashore and was being overhauled by the Custom House officials, after being assured time and time again that this would not be done. At 9 o'clock all was through with, and the order was given to "fall in," as the escort awaited us on the Boston side of the ferry.

You know the rest! The crowds along the streets, with cheer upon cheer, welcomed us back. The flags were returned to the State House, and to the hands of the Governor from whom in the same place we had received them thirty-three days before. Then followed the march to Faneuil Hall, and the reception and banquet there. At 2 o'clock I was at my home, 27 Trenton street, glad that I went and twice glad to be home again. I would not call it back today if I could for double what it cost. I was glad I took my wife along with me, although at first I did not think it advisable to do so. I feared a military parade and an ocean voyage would be too much for her, and that I should not be able to take good care of her. The next day, Saturday, Aug. 1st, the anniversary of my 66th birthday, I took charge of the Construction Department of the Boston Navy Yard as General Foreman, Acting Naval Constructor, and resumed the duties I had left to go,



FANEUIL HALL.



relieving Commander Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N., who had been detailed by the Commandant on the death of Constructor Wilson, U. S. N., which occurred during my absence, as I have previously stated.

Gov. Wolcott's address on the return of the flags to the State House :

" Col. Walker, officers and members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, it was but a month ago that I stood here and had the honor of saying to you that as you departed on your voyage the good wishes and the Godspeed of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts would go with you, and that upon your return you would receive her hearty welcome home

" That welcome, gentlemen, awaits you today. How crowded has been the time since you stood here with interest and pleasure of honorable achievement! You have been busy all the time, gentlemen, and when we here at home have had any leisure on our hands, we have allowed our thoughts to travel across the sea, that we might participate with you, mentally, at least, in the hospitalities and honor extended to you. You have been received, gentlemen, by Princes and Dukes and Field Marshals, and if now that you have returned you find that you have only ordinary Lieutenant Governors and Mayors to receive you, you must lay the blame upon the founders of this republic, and not upon ourselves.

" We congratulate you upon all you have seen. How pleasant, in after years when you sit at the hearthside, it will be for you to recall the memories of what you have just experienced in foreign lands.

" I congratulate you, too, gentlemen, upon your conduct. You have carried these flags with dignity to yourselves and honor to the banners you bear. Your band, which has accustomed itself to play 'God Save the Queen,' that beautiful old air so much endeared to us all, must now attune its instruments to 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"Gentlemen, the Commonwealth welcomes you home. It has watched your course abroad with jealous interest. She feels that the honors and attentions which you received were not alone to you as individuals or as an organization. But the Commonwealth and America feel in part that those distinctions and courtesies were extended to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and United States of America. You have been the personal recipients, but the state and the nation feel that they were only the expressions of the warm, friendly feeling which exists between the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Col. Walker and Gentlemen — As you received the best wishes of Godspeed of the Commonwealth at my hands, so now she bids me extend to you in her behalf a cordial and hearty and joyous welcome home."

Col. Walker in responding, said :

"Your Honor, I thank you in the name of my company and for myself for the cordial greeting you have given me, for I know that from your lips comes the greeting of the whole Commonwealth.

"When I received from you these colors I felt how great was the responsibility resting upon myself and my command. I said when I took those colors that we would not bring them home without honor. Both the white flag of Massachusetts and the flag of our Union, we would carry them anywhere, everywhere, with credit to ourselves and honor to the flags we bore. Although we have been received by royalty we shall come back and gladly receive the welcome you give us as representing the citizenship of this great republic, of which we are all of us so proud.

"We do feel that our reception was not to us alone. It was cordial, whole hearted. They met us at Liverpool with open arms. They carried us to London through crowded streets. That magnificent reception came from the cordial, deep-seated feeling ; the feeling of the motherland for the daughter across the sea.

"Gladly, therefore, do we return to find that our fellow-citizens are satisfied with what was done and what we have done ; that

we have done well. Again I thank you, Your Honor, for this cordial welcome to my command."

The Ancients presented arms and the bugles sounded "To the Color," which was followed by "America," played by the Salem Cadet band under Mr. Missud's direction. The parade again formed column of companies and moved over the prescribed route, returning to Faneuil Hall at 12 o'clock.

Capt. Jones of the home guards, and commander of the escort, called Col. Walker's attention to the fact that Boston had not been disturbed during his absence, and expressed pleasure in seeing all their comrades safe back in Faneuil Hall, and he introduced the Colonel to Mayor Quincy.

Mayor Quincy received us in behalf of the city of Boston, and spoke as follows :

"Commander Walker and members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company — The city of Boston has felt that the return of the Ancient and Honorable Company from its trip to Europe should be signalized by a reception, to be tendered on behalf of the city, at Faneuil Hall.

"It is not our intention here today to include in our reception any long speech-making. I know that after your extensive travels you are anxious to reach your homes.

"All I have to say, therefore, is to extend to you, Mr. Commander and members of the corps, a most sincere and hearty welcome upon your return safe and sound to the city of Boston. The people of Boston have read with great interest the accounts of your trip, and have read with delight the accounts of your entertainment in London and of the abundant hospitality there extended to you."

## Col. Walker's response :

"Mr. Mayor and friends, I thank you with all my heart for the most cordial greeting and reception with which you have seen fit to celebrate our return. For myself, and, I feel sure, for the other members of the company, I can say that as Boston is proud of the company so is the company proud of Boston. The company has tried well and honorably to uphold the reputation and fame of its native city, and I can assure you, gentlemen, that since the day we left Boston, a month or more ago, it has not once trailed its colors. We were never unmindful of the city of Boston. No matter how enthusiastically and magnificently we were entertained, and no matter how highly we were honored, we never forgot our home in America." [Applause.]

The long talked of visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston to London, with all the incidents and receptions and friendships that surrounded it, is a thing of the past. May it result in long-continued good will between these two great English-speaking nations, and have a tendency, as I trust it will, to extend the blessings of peace throughout the world.

There must be a first time for everything, and the Ancients seized it. Others may in the future follow in our footsteps, but that cannot rob us of the charm of the first time. I believe that this visit of the Ancients to London and the good will it has engendered between the two nations was worth all it cost, and that the time is not far distant when England, with the United States as an ally, will be able (without disturbing the peace of Europe) to say to the savage and inhuman

Turk, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther;" that men have rights as well as governments; that man is endowed with certain inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that must be respected by all nations the world over; that these Armenian massacres must cease; that humanity demands it; that all Christendom looks with amazement to see it go on, and, if England alone cannot stop it, America will sometime conclude to help her.

While I am an American, and all that implies, I feel proud of my English ancestry. The facts of history prove that from those little islands of the sea, the central point of the British government, there radiates a power that protects its citizens wherever they may roam, and that is itself respected throughout the whole world; whose boast is that its flag welcomes the rising sun in its course, and the sound of its drum greets it with one continuous, unceasing, never-ending roll around the world. "On England a never-setting sun."

With all due respect to the Munroe Doctrine, I am convinced that a great many Americans believe today, without surrendering that doctrine, that not only Venezuela but the whole of South America would be better off under the English rule and flag than they now are; that property and life would be safer and more respected, and that civilization and Christianity would advance



with more rapid strides, reaching self-government generations sooner than it will under the present regime. We seem to be drifting to that point, and the feeling is growing, that England and America could form a confederacy, taking in all the Anglo-Saxon English-speaking race, so that arbitration and not a resort to arms would govern the world.

The rapid increase in the destructive power of armaments and all the weapons of warfare, their cost and maintenance, and the taxation of the people to support them, is fast being realized. Such a federation would disband half of the armies and navies of Europe at once, and advance the world in Christianity, civilization and the rights of man, and the elevation of the masses that goes therewith, more than anything else that could be done.

England is the only power that can give peace to Europe and settle the Armenian question. It has been asked, Can she do it all alone? I answer it is doubtful, and that is what makes her hesitate; by trying to do it she might bring on a war with the whole of Europe. Such is the jealousy of the other European Powers toward her, and of her great and growing influence and power, that should she attempt it, and not be successful, the march of progress might turn backward for centuries. But could she succeed with the United

States as an ally? I answer yes. In this view of the case, the United States is as much responsible for the state of affairs in Turkey as England. Perhaps the time has not yet come to act, but the trend of things at the present time is in that direction.

In this connection a poem by Will H. Thompson in the February Century, entitled the "The Death-Dream of Armenia," comes very appropriately here:

THE DEATH-DREAM OF ARMENIA.

A cry from pagan dungeons deep  
To Albion old and brave;  
A wail that startles from her sleep  
The mistress of the wave.

We feel the thrill through England's soul  
Of noblest passions' birth;  
We hear her drum-alarum roll  
The circle of the earth.

When mothers kiss with pallid lips  
The wounds of murdered sons,  
We see the sailors on her ships  
Leap to their shotted guns.

We hear her martial trumpets blow  
The challenge of the free;  
Her lean steel war-wolves howling go  
Through gateways of the sea.

The talons of her eagles tear  
The vulture from his feast;  
The lion mangles in his lair  
The tiger of the East.

Ah, what a cheer from Asia breaks  
And roars along the dawn,  
As rescue's battle-thunder shakes  
The walls of Babylon!

There may have been diplomacy in the people of

England and their noble Queen welcoming us as they did. If so, it was a noble, divine, God-like diplomacy, worthy of imitation. They certainly gave us a royal welcome. The Queen entertained us at Windsor Castle, The Prince of Wales at his city residence, the Marlborough House. We hobnobbed with royalties and nobilities; crowds cheered us on everywhere we went, and nothing was left undone to demonstrate the desire of the British people to show the friendliness of their sentiments towards us and the American people generally; and, as our Commander, Col. Walker, well said in his reply to the address of the Governor at the State House on our return, in delivering up the flags we had carried. "They received us at Liverpool with open arms and carried us to London through crowded streets." This seemed to me, when I heard him say it, to be literally true.

Certain it is that our arrival was heralded throughout the land as the arrival of friends. Englishmen high in military and civil life, under the eye of the Queen, the mightiest ruler on earth today, tumbled over one another, as it were, to do us honor, from the time the *Servia* hove in sight at Liverpool until she faded from their view in the distance on our homeward voyage.

Perhaps it would not be out of place or uninteresting if in this connection, after the dry re-

ENTRANCE TO WINDSOR CASTLE.



cital of the daily events that took place on this visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston to London, if I relate to you some of the impressions that were made on my mind while travelling abroad in foreign lands, and my feelings on arriving home.

I saw nothing while I was away, amidst the glitter and splendor of foreign courts, that made me feel any the less that I was an American citizen, and living in a country and under a government aptly stated by Abraham Lincoln to be a "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and where every man has the right to be the equal of every other man, if he can. Not in any mistaken or wild theory that he is, but that he has the right to be if he can, and no law should stand in his way.

If "breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land,'" that man is not me, and when I look over the great extent of our country, with its forty-five states, and some half dozen territories to carve states out of in the future—many of them larger in extent than some of the countries we visited,—with a common Constitution, with equal laws, one language, one currency, and with all the possibilities of the future, could I help feeling proud that I was an American citizen,—a citizen of such a country as I have described?



Could I help feeling proud that today, wherever that starry banner, the emblem of our nationality, waves, over the sea, and over the land, over every mountain, along every river, through every state, from the Atlantic ocean on the east to the Pacific on the west, from the great ocean-lakes on the north to the gulf of Mexico on the south, it waves over a nation of freemen, and no trembling bondman now flies from beneath its folds to seek the protection of a foreign power, or breathes in the air over which its jurisdiction extends.

I believe that when the column is formed, as in the future it certainly will be, that shall go forth to fight the battles of humanity and the rights of man the world over, these two great English-speaking and Protestant nations—the mother and the daughter as it were—will form one army, the Red Cross of England waving over one wing, and the Stars and Stripes of America over the other, and in the center the white banner of Massachusetts—a state first and foremost in all acts of humanity, from which radiates every energetic action that demands the energy and soul-stirring virtues of man, as well as that which appeals to his patriotism. You know Massachusetts will be there; and in that center you will see the Honourable Artillery Company of London and the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston. In the reserve guard you

will see the women who went with the Ancients to London, anxious and willing to do their part to push forward the banner of the allied forces that make for Faith, Hope and Charity, Friendship, Love and Truth, the world over.

I have faith in my country, its flag and its destiny; I have that faith that the Christian has who follows the cross of Christ. I believe in the church militant, and look forward to the church triumphant. I believe that God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell in peace on all the face of the earth. I believe that the trend of all things is onward and upward; that humanity, the rights of man, and his equal chance in the battle of life, are well under way to recognition; that the effete and barbarous powers of the old world must give way to our advancing civilization, and they have no more right to stand in the way than a bull on a railroad track. If they do, the result will be the same when the engine comes along. Some day in the future we will nail our starry banner, entwined with the Red Cross banner of England to the cross of Christ, and, gathering under its ample folds the down-trodden and oppressed of every nation and clime, with love to God, and love to man, with malice toward none, and charity for all, we will march on, conquering and to conquer, and if our flag goes down under such circumstances, it can only be amidst the war

of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

In a little history written by Medora Robbins Crosby, entitled "The Ancients in London, June 29th to July 31st, 1896," which appeared shortly after our return, the introduction is so good it could not be improved, and I adopt it in full in my closing :

"The trip to England of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston in the summer of 1896 as guests of the Honourable Artillery Company of London was an event so far-reaching in its importance that its full significance has not yet been realized. The idea originated more as a social function, and was at first received with some incredulity, as being too great an undertaking for a mere outing; but, as time went on and the plans and details assumed comprehensive form, the scheme was deemed not only feasible, but very desirable.

Yet its promoters never for a moment dreamed what would be the outcome of the proposed expedition. Unforeseen circumstances gave to the trip an international import, momentous in its results, bringing about achievements that the keenest diplomats of both England and America were in serious doubt as to their ability to accomplish; and during the stay of the Ancients on British soil the eyes of the civilized world were upon them, the potentates of foreign powers looking on in amazement.

The spirit of cordiality evinced; the suspension of laws and customs; the unbending of royalty in favor of the visitors and the sentiments of peace and good will expressed in both public and private utterances, — all these drew a flood of new and unexpected light on the relations existing between the two great English-speaking nations. The Ancients accomplished more than gunpowder or oratory could ever have brought about; and that memorable trip will go down in history as one of the noteworthy events in the career of both England and the United States, — a monument to the progress of modern civilization and the triumph of peaceful efforts over the force of arms.



HOME OF THE AUTHOR.

## ADDENDUM.

Stanza of a poem entitled the "Last Arrow" by Henry Dean Atwood.

The closing stanza of a poem entitled "The Last Arrow," by Henry Dean Atwood, author of the Ode of Greeting at the dinner on July 9th, and a member of the Ancients, would seem appropriate here :

When the time shall come, in the passing years,  
That the foe of today as our friend appears ;  
When the hand that holds the glittering sword  
Is stayed at the sound of a peaceful word ;  
When the echo of bells is borne on the air,  
As they tell of the Peace that rules everywhere ;  
When the dissensions shall die, as die they must,  
When the guns are spiked, and the swords are rust ;  
When the plow shall run in its furrows wide,  
And the peaceful arts shall our progress guide ;  
Let the land of Columbia, where dwell the free,  
Be proudly the first with its kin to agree.  
And the hand in her friendship that England extends,  
Let us grasp it as heartily, and ever be friends.



## CLOSING REMARKS.

Coming events cast shadows — Marco Bozzaris — Soliloquy —  
Table of names participating — Table where born.

As I close my book there rings in my ears the cry of war between the Greek and the Turk. England may have to act sooner than expected, and the United States must not and cannot remain passive. Should this war cloud spread over Europe, involving a continent in its call to arms, England, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, will be sought as a refuge, and will prove a refuge when the call of humanity pleads for help when the down-trodden and oppressed of every nation and clime stretch forth their hands to her for an asylum and protection. It is said that one touch of nature makes us all akin, and when such a crisis in the world's affairs, which we in common with all humanity have an interest in and cannot separate from, comes to an issue in the arbitration of arms; when the powers of darkness are arrayed against the trend of the times in its advance toward a freer civilization and the Golden Rule, shall England be left to stand alone against the forces of evil combined? No! America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, cannot remain passive or silent in such a

crisis when the clock of ages moves forward, but will claim a right to share in the honor and victory in the final triumph and help make it doubly sure. "Dum vivimus, vivamus,"—"While we live, let us live." As Col. Walker said in his closing remarks to the toast of the Prince of Wales, "The health of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts," at the dinner given to the Honourable Artillery Company of London at Holborn Restaurant:

"As these flags are entwined here tonight in loving salutation so may they, unconquerable apart, invincible united, forever salute each other on land and on sea, in sunshine and in storm, and together ever stand foremost in all that can conduce to the welfare of their respective peoples and happiness, prosperity and harmony of the world."

Coming events sometimes cast their shadows before, and I am reminded of those lines written by Fitz Green Halleck many years ago, when war was raging between Turkey and Greece, on the fall of the Greek chieftain, Marco Bozzaris, whose last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain." The words of Halleck seem to have renewed interest at this time, and I print them here:

MARCO BOZZARIS, THE EPAMINONDAS OF MODERN GREECE.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last:  
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”  
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band:  
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires,  
Strike—for your altars and your fires,  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well,  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death!  
Come to the mother when she feels  
For the first time her firstborn's breath;—  
Come when the blessed seals  
Which close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm:—  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
And thou art terrible: the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
We tell thy doom without a sigh;  
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.





## LIST OF PARTICIPANTS IN THE TRIP.

Col. Henry Walker,  
*Commander.*

Lieut. Thomas Savage,  
*First Lieut.*

Capt. George E. Lovett,  
*Second Lieut.*

Maj. Lawrence N. Duchesney,  
*Adjutant.*

Dr. Frank W. Graves,  
*Surgeon.*

Dr. Charles W. Galloupe,  
*Ass't. Surgeon.*

Dr. E. Dwight Hill,  
*Ass't. Surgeon.*

Lieut. Emery Grover,  
*Paymaster and Treas.*

Capt. William H. Gwynne,  
*Sergt.-Major.*

Lieut. J. Payson Bradley,  
*Nat'l. Color-Bearer.*

Capt. Walter S. Sampson,  
*State Color-Bearer.*

MEMBERS OF THE LONDON  
COMMITTEE.

Col. Sidney M. Hedges,  
*Chairman.*

Capt. Albert A. Folsom,  
*Trustee and Treas.*

A. Shuman,  
*Ch'm of Finance Committee.*

Caleb Chase,

Lieut. J. Stearns Cushing,

Lieut. John E. Cotter,

Sergt. Arthur Fuller,

Sergt. Fred J. Hutchinson,

Lieut. Albert E. Lockhart,

Capt. Thomas J. Olys,

Col. Henry E. Smith,

Freeman A. Walker.

Lieut. E. E. Wells.

SERGEANTS OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. Fred McDonald, *First.*

Sergt. Frank Huckins, *Second.*

Major Frank W. Childs,  
*Third.*

Sergt. James M. Usher,  
*Fourth.*

Sergt. Wm. L. Coon, *Fifth.*

Lieut. Henry L. Kincaide,  
*Sixth.*

Charles H. Porter, *Seventh.*

Elmer G. Foster, *Eighth.*

SERGEANTS OF ARTILLERY.

James B. Smith, *First.*

Nathan B. Basch, *Second.*

James Ellis, *Third.*

F. W. A. Bergengren,  
*Fourth.*

Adams, George E.

Adams, Joseph W.

Atwood, Col. Henry D.

Badger, Daniel B.

Bates, R. W.

Bensemoil, Sergt. Jacob

Berle, Rev. A. A.

Best, William S.

Bevan, Tom W.

Blackinton, Sergt. L. A.

Bliss, George

Boynton, C. H.

Brackett, Silas W.

Brownell, Lieut. Frank C.

Cahill, Thomas

Carter, William

Cassell, George

Chapin, Hon. Nahum

Cherry, Lieut. James B.

Childs, Asaph P.

Clark, Col. Charles D.

Clark, Charles H.

Cole, Benjamin, Jr.

Comstock, Walter Jay

Coombs, Charles E.

Cross, Geo. J.

Dallinger, Capt. Frank W.

Davis, Major Charles G.

Dibble, Capt. S. B.

Ditson, John G.

Doane, John S.

Douglass, Ora M.

Dudley, Dana T.

Durgin, Alonzo G.

Edgar, James

Ellis, Sergt. Emmons R.

Emery, John A.

Favor, F. F.

Fears, Robert R.

Feely, J. J.

Fox, Charles H.

Gale, Stephen

Gleason, Albert A.

Gleason, Sergt. Benjamin W.

Glover, F. H.

Graham, Alexander P.

Greenalch, James W.

Gregory, William C.

Grodjinski, M. J.

Goodwin, Frank W.

Hall, Major Aaron A.

Hall, Alderman Bordman

Hall, Capt. George E.

Hamilton, Howard H.

Hardy, William A.

Hartley, Sergt. J. Harry

Haslett, John P.

Hayes, Norman P.

Hichborn, William

Hilton, F. W.

Hilton, James M.

Hodges, Everett B.

Homans, F. W.

Hooker, Sergt. James F.

Howard, Charles W.

Hoyt, Edward H.

Hubbard, Joseph

Hume, Hon. Harrison

Johnson, John F.

Jones, Edgar W.

Kaffenburg, Isaac

Leary, John M.

Leighton, Lt. Col. Clarence A.

Lewis, Sergt. Henry B.

Longley, Edwin P.

Lowney, Walter M.

Lucas, Sergt. Winslow B.

McDewell, Sergt. Henry M.

McDonald, Major A. E.

McFadden, John Otis

Marter, Frederick B. K.

Maynard, Sergt. William M.

Mayo, Frederick M.

Messinger, Elmar A.

Missud, J. M.

Morrill, Geo. H., Jr.

Morrison, Peter

Mudge, Lieut. Frank H.



Mullen, James F.  
 Newcomb, Harry H.  
 Newell, B. Charles  
 Norwood, John K.  
 Oakman, Sergt. H. P.  
 Oswald, William  
 Palmer, John W.  
 Patterson, Sgt.-Maj. Henry W.  
 Perkins, George A.  
 Power, Daniel B. H.  
 Purmort, Fred M.  
 Putnam, Frederick H.  
 Quinsler, George J.  
 Remington, Sergt. Cyrus K.  
 Richards, Frank W.  
 Richardson, Lieut. Col. A. L.  
 Riedell, Frank B.  
 Riker, Capt. Warren E.  
 Roarty, James A.  
 Robinson, J. M.  
 Robinson, Wallace F.  
 Russell, George D.  
 Sanders, Thomas  
 Sawyer, Henry N.  
 Scott, Frank J.  
 Skilton, William F.  
 Smith, Edward F.  
 Smith, George L.  
 Stalker, Hugh L.  
 Stedman, Capt. William L.  
 Steele, Isaac A. S.  
 Stiles, Benjamin A.  
 Stone, Frank P.  
 Swift, Foster E.  
 Taylor, Eugene S.  
 Tisdale, Wilson  
 Titus, Augustus C.

Tuttle, Samuel A.  
 Tyner, Sergt. William  
 Upham, Dr. Robert H.  
 Walker, Frederick L.  
 Walker, Lieut. Gustavus F.  
 Webber, Lieut. William O.  
 Webster, Albert  
 Welden, George H.  
 Williams, Major Horace P.  
 Wright, Hugh

## LADIES.

Adams, Miss B.  
 Bensemoil, Mrs. J.  
 Bergengren, Mrs. F. W. A.  
 Bergengren, Master  
 Berle, Mrs. A. A.  
 Best, Mrs. W. S.  
 Boyd, Miss Susan T.  
 Boynton, Mrs. C. H.  
 Bradley, Miss  
 Chapman, Miss E. W.  
 Clark, Mrs. C. D.  
 Comstock, Master  
 Cushing, Mrs. J. S.  
 Davis, Mrs. C. G.  
 Davis, Master  
 Doane, Mrs. J. S.  
 Ellis, Mrs. James  
 Ellis, Miss Jennie  
 Emery, Mrs. J. A.  
 Feely, Mrs. J. J.  
 Folsom, Miss J. E.  
 Folsom, Miss M. W.  
 Foster, Mrs. E. G.  
 Foster, Miss  
 Gilbert, Mrs. Charles

Gilman, Mrs. J. D.  
 Gookin, Mrs.  
 Grover, Mrs. Emery  
 Hall, Mrs. Bordman  
 Hall, Miss Clarice L.  
 Hamilton, Mrs. H. H.  
 Hardy, Mrs. W. A.  
 Hardy, Miss  
 Hichborn, Mrs. William  
 Hutchinson, Mrs. F. J.  
 Jones, Mrs. E. W.  
 Kaffenburg, Mrs.  
 Leighton, Mrs. C. A.  
 Lewis, Mrs. C. W.  
 Lockhart, Mrs. A. E.  
 Lowney, Mrs. Walter M.  
 Lowney, Miss  
 McFadden, Mrs. M. J.  
 Morrill, Mrs. George H., Jr.  
 Mudge, Mrs. F. H.  
 Mullen, Miss E. S.  
 Neff, Mrs.  
 Patterson, Mrs. H. W.  
 Ridlon, Miss  
 Riedell, Mrs. F. B.

Roarty, Mrs. J. A.  
 Robinson, Mrs. John H.  
 Robinson, Mrs. Wallace F.  
 Sawyer, Mrs. H. N.  
 Shuman, Mrs. A.  
 Shuman, Miss  
 Smith, Mrs. H. E.  
 Smith, Miss  
 Stedman, Mrs. W. L.  
 Steele, Miss  
 Stiles, Mrs. B. A.  
 Sullivan, Mrs. M. E.  
 Tuttle, Mrs. S. A.  
 Walker, Mrs. F. L.  
 Welden, Mrs. G. H.

## GUESTS.

Ball, W. T. W.  
 Eddy, L. K.  
 Fox, Charles J.  
 Horton, Rev. Edward A.  
 Naphen, Hon. Henry F.  
 Rand, W. D.  
 Robinson, Harry E.  
 Wyman, John C.



The following table gives the number born in different states and countries as follows, viz :

Massachusetts, . . . . .	90
Maine, . . . . .	25
New Hampshire, . . . . .	13
Vermont, . . . . .	10
New York, . . . . .	6
Rhode Island, . . . . .	3
Missouri, . . . . .	2
Connecticut, . . . . .	1
Canada, . . . . .	9
England, . . . . .	4
Scotland, . . . . .	2
Ireland, . . . . .	2
Germany, . . . . .	2
Sweden, . . . . .	1
Poland, . . . . .	1
Total, . . . . .	<hr/> 171

